

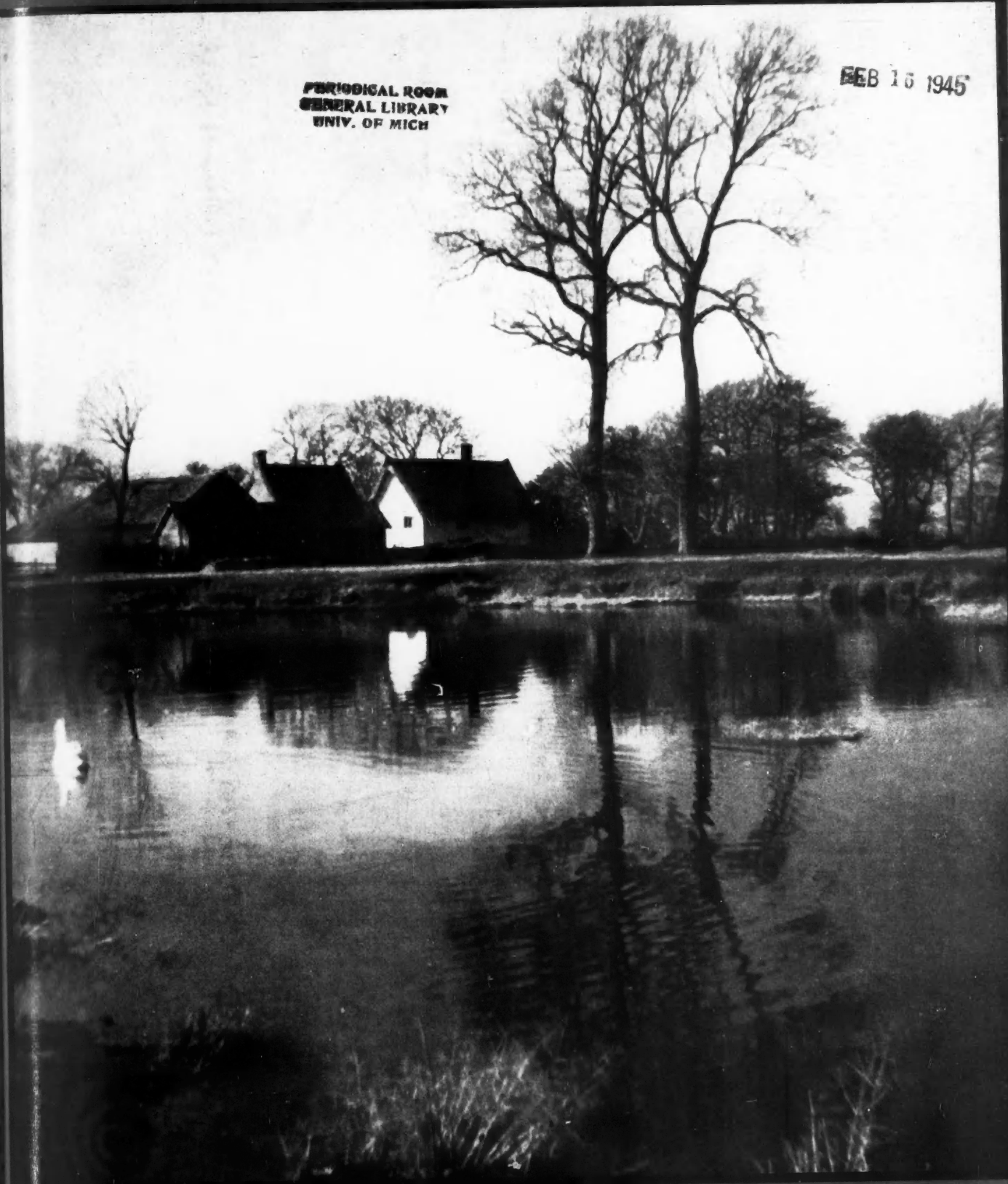
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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVII. No. 2506

JANUARY 26, 1945



*Eric Ager*

## H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND HER SONS

A recent portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester with her two little sons, Prince William, born in December, 1941, and Prince Richard, born in August, 1944. The Duke of Gloucester will shortly be taking up his duties as Governor-General of Australia



## COUNTRY LIFE

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## THE NEW ENCLOSURES

FEW subjects have caused more public agitation in the past or have given more trouble to Parliament than the enclosure of common land. Since the palmy days of the late eighteenth century when, on an average, forty-seven Enclosure Acts were passed every year, a vast change has taken place in public opinion, and the movement to preserve commons as open spaces in an industrialised country has steadily grown. It is not likely at this juncture of affairs and in the present temper of the nation to lose headway now. But war-time has, as usual, brought power to the hands of many well-intentioned and single-minded individuals who are usually incapable of pursuing more than one aim at a time and who consider any kind of short-cut to their (or their Department's) "indispensable" ends as, *ipso facto*, justified. During the past five years the Service (and many other) Departments have had a free hand in requisitioning common land and extinguishing rights of way. Very often there have been direct military reasons for such arbitrary action, which nobody would think of questioning. Even in cases with which the military authorities have had nothing to do, everybody agrees that local amenities and convenience must be subordinate to national needs. And whenever a too obvious piece of high-handedness could be safely objected to, the Government has intervened with a promise that all will be put right in the end.

How then does the Government propose to carry out its soothing promises? The Requisitioned Land Bill, now before Parliament, seeks to enable Government Departments to purchase compulsorily any requisitioned common or other land on which works have been constructed or buildings erected or which has sustained damage. This of course amounts to compulsory enclosure. Once the manorial rights are acquired, there will be nothing to prevent the compulsory extinction of the rights of commoners and the conversion of the land into ordinary freehold—a process bound to recommend itself to any Government with the greatest war of all time to pay for. It will be possible, it is true, to appeal against a Minister's Order to the War Works Commission which the Bill establishes. But the members of the Commission are to be appointed by the Treasury, and the Minister will, in any case, be able to disregard their veto if he lays on the table of each House of Parliament a statement explaining his reasons for doing so. In so far as national security demands the retention of particular requisitioned commons there is little to be said except that some machinery should be established for providing an equivalent public open space in the same area. But where, without the sanction of Parliament and against the wishes of the local authorities, of commoners and of the general

public, enclosure and conversion to freehold is adopted as a financial expedient for avoiding the expense of restoration or otherwise aiding the Exchequer, there is the strongest possible reason for protest.

Equally anti-social are the implications of the powers granted by the Requisitioned Land Bill to sanction the permanent closing or diversion of ways "temporarily" closed under Defence Regulation 16. Thousands of closing Orders have been made in areas where war works exist. Farms and even villages have been practically isolated, to the great damage of agriculture and rural communications. In some of these areas bridle-paths and hedgeways have been entirely obliterated by overgrowth and neglect, and unless local authorities exert the inadequate powers they possess they may never be heard of again. In areas remote from war works much closing of paths and tracks has taken place in the name of increased agricultural production, and there it is fortunate indeed that most footways are normally of convenience and importance to the farmers themselves. Even so, there is much need for local vigilance and just as much reason as elsewhere for opposing the proposal that the Ministry of Agriculture or any other Department should have powers to make war-time closure permanent, whatever the public interest may be.

## FIRST SNOW IN THE SUBURBS

*THE trees are exquisite as brides  
Poised on the brink of fate,  
Their shadows printed on white roofs  
Transformed from brick or slate.  
And you, my fir, my small Welsh fir,  
My little mountain tree,  
How lavishly you deck yourself,  
How proof yourself, how roof yourself  
In native snow your heart has longed to see!*

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

## THE HOUSING CRISIS

THE report issued by the Conservative Housing Sub-committee is the clearest statement yet produced of the housing crisis that the end of the war will precipitate. The Committee comprises Mr. J. A. F. Watson, agent for the Northampton Estates in London; Lord Balfour of Burleigh; Mr. Louis de Soisson, the architect of Welwyn; Lord Dudley; and Mr. J. W. Laing, the building contractor. Taking as the target a million houses in the two years following the end of the war with Germany, to which the Government's programme of traditional houses will contribute only 200,000, the report recognises that the enormous balance should be made up not by temporary houses—though those will be needed—but by a revolution in methods of constructing permanent houses. It favours such types as the flatted house erected on the Northolt experimental estate, consisting of steel frame and concrete blocks, by which a dwelling can be erected in 900 site-man-hours instead of 2,200 in the case of normal methods. The total cost to the community of making good the post-war housing deficiency is estimated around 700 million pounds. Of this total at least 200 million will be irrecoverable in rents or sales. While advocating adventurous research into methods and materials, the Report, however, stops short at linking the dead-loss figure with the question of where the materials are to come from. It is a permissible conclusion that, in view of the magnitude of the sums and issues involved, the nation would benefit more than it would lose by devoting a high proportion of the amount of irrecoverable expenditure to the import of timber, whether processed or not. Timber is acknowledged as the best, most economical, and most quickly prefabricated, of all materials for rapid building, and the shortage of it as the crucial factor in the crisis.

## WIMBLEDON REDIVIVUS

OUR great festivals of sport have never wholly died during the weary years of the war but they have naturally and properly taken a new and truncated form. There have been no Cup finals at Wembley; Test Matches at Lord's have endured for but a single day; golf champions have wrought nobly for charity but not for their championships. Now, however,

we hear of a proposed Wimbledon, very like the real thing and nearly as long drawn out. The All-England Lawn Tennis Club is to hold an invitation tournament, probably at the end of June, which will last for eight days. This will be no merely domestic festival; it will have at least something like the old cosmopolitan flavour, since the war has brought to this country fine players from other lands and particularly from the United States. There is for instance, Captain F. X. Shields, once the runner-up in our championship, and our own Mr. C. E. Hare, now a staff-sergeant in the American Army. No doubt the Dominions can produce their candidates and we may hope for some of the great players of France without whom Wimbledon would hardly seem itself. Six years is a long time in a lawn tennis player's life; some of the old stars may have faded and there will be new ones to shine; everyone will be a little rusty, but the thought of seeing once more the lightning thrust and parry of a championship double is, if the thinking be not too wishful, eminently cheering.

## PUCK?

WE all know that the war plays the deuce with international trade, but some recent items of news suggest that a malevolent Puck has been too busy altogether. England now has to import quickthorns (alas, "the oak, the ash and the thorn") from Eire: *vide* Hansard. At the same time Scotland exports Harris tweeds to Russia, whence a trustworthy newspaper correspondent, writing about the poor Winter clothing of war-stricken civilians, sends the following comment:

Tweeds, thick woollens, or "sensible" shoes are detested by Russian women, and many of the Harris tweed suits sent here by British and American relief societies must have been met with raised eyebrows. Tweeds are considered very uncultured.

So! while we English, who love them, are drastically reduced in our choice and quantities of Harris tweeds! Earlier it was reported to citrus-hungry England that growers of grape-fruit in British Honduras were being paid subsidies to dig their crops (unsaleable for lack of shipping) into the ground, and that South African fruit farmers were ploughing-in their oranges as manure. It was easy, years ago, for most of us to smile when we read that goldfish had become scarce and dear (say 15s. for a six-inch fish) because there could be no more imports from Italy. We were distressed neither that the flow of Polish gooseskins (to make powder-puffs) should be stopped, nor that leeches could no longer be flown from French leech-farms. But these recent developments may make us writhe, like the tale of the English troops fed on caviare at Archangel twenty-five years ago. "Any complaints?" asked the orderly officer. "The men are dissatisfied, Sir," replied the sergeant, "because the jam tastes of fish."

## A BIRTHDAY BEQUEATHED

A LADY has lately died in America who at the age of ten had received a unique bequest. This was Mrs. Bourke Cocaran, formerly Miss Ide, to whom Robert Louis Stevenson left his birthday since he had no further use for its services. This was not the only reason for his bequest; he felt sorry for her since she had been born on Christmas Day. He showed a very proper sympathy, for that unlucky chance remains a slight but perceptible grievance with many who have long outgrown the excitement of birthdays. Something bitter still rises at the remembrance of two presents in effect boiled down into one. No doubt harassed parents did their best to soften the hardship, but even if there were two presents of equal magnificence, there remained the inevitable loss in the matter of waiting and wondering and untying parcels. That happened twice a year to luckier children and only once to those robbed of their birthright. Kings sometimes celebrate their birthdays officially on dates which are not strictly their own, but the rest of us must take the day which Fate has allotted to us. The little girl assumed the additional name of Louise in gratitude to the testator and yet the November day he left her was a little too near Christmas for perfection. Strawberry time makes the ideal birthday.





KINGSHOUSE INN, ON THE EDGE OF RANNOCH MOOR IN THE WEST HIGHLANDS

Niall Rankin

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

**A**LTHOUGH I must confess to having had my fair share of wildfowling on the marshes north of the Pyramids, and out Ismailia way in Egypt, it has never been my lot until recently to take part in a real duck-shoot in this country. My previous experiences have consisted, usually, of a drive up a short length of river at the end of a day's pheasant shooting, when a few mallard or teal sometimes came right for the guns; or an evening's flight on a baited duck-pond when almost everything approached within easy shot, from long-tailed tits to Japanese deer, but the duck passed overhead at approximately 1,000 ft.

**T**HE stiff frosts we experienced during the fortnight at the end of the Old and beginning of the New Year brought in from the coast, to our local river, a great number of wigeon and teal, and this, combined with Christmas shoots on other preserves both up and down-stream, caused an unusual assembly of birds on a four-mile stretch, which had not been disturbed since the season started. As the four guns moved down to the river we obtained some idea that duck were likely to be plentiful, for packs of mallard, wigeon and teal were on the move at a great height along the whole length of the valley, which, though clear overhead, had just the right amount of low-lying mist over the water to provide additional cover from view.

Fixing zero hour with four guns and the beaters is no easy matter these days when a reliable watch is almost as rare as an egg, and some of the party owned time-keepers which might have inspired that song we sang before the war to the effect that "when it's Thursday in Italy it's night-time over here"; but, as both guns and beaters had served in the Home Guard, this was no new experience. Two minutes before zero guns moved into their hides on the banks, the beaters, accompanied by retrievers, began their walk up-stream, and the flight started. Almost every half-minute after this, a pack of teal or wigeon would come hurtling up the river within range, swing

violently upwards on being greeted by two barrels from a hide, and, in most cases, obligingly swoop downwards again in time to meet the discharge from the next hide.

**O**NE good duck-shoot is very much like another, wherever it may be located, and the same little episodes occur. The two ineffectual barrels at a flight of high and difficult teal at the moment when a pair of mallard, or rare pintail, are providing material for a lovely right and left in the opposite direction; the execution shot at the wounded bird on the water, which sends the biggest pack of duck of the day skywards when it is 60 yards from one's hide; that rare moment when everything goes right and, with a couple of mallard lying orange feet uppermost on the opposite bank, one feels that no man could have done better; and, towards the end of the drive, a shame-faced emergence from their hides of some of the guns on a cartridge-cadging expedition. Even in pre-war days one adopted a lowly and apologetic mien when engaged in this unpopular task—to-day one's attitude is that of the most abject and despicable mendicant in the land.

**T**HE pick-up was 79 head of wildfowl, mostly wigeon and teal, for the mallard, though plentiful, had moved right off the water after their first experience of gun-fire, and there were also 10 pheasants, mainly intelligent cocks, who, having sensed an organised shoot in the offing, had decided to avoid the covers, and seek sanctuary by the river's bank. One result of the day was that I was able to discover, or rather re-learn, that the teal of this country is a far fatter and better bird on the table than those of his species who migrate to the East. The other result was that the inordinate

amount of sediment in my Christmas bottle of port was not poured down the sink, but survived to play a most conspicuous part in the sauce which adds the finishing touch to the teal's delicate flavour.

**I**HAVE received a letter from a correspondent in New Zealand (North Island) describing a recent fishing trip of his to Lake Taupo, which is of such interest that probably there are others, who would like to hear—with perhaps just a twinge of jealousy—of the bags which are obtainable in this far-away water. Lake Taupo, which lies in the mountains in the centre of the island 1,250 feet up, is, my correspondent says, about six times the size of Lake Tiberias (he quotes the Sea of Galilee as it is the only lake of which we have common knowledge), and this would make it about 20 miles long by 15 wide. It is of an average depth of 500 feet, as the mountains come down to the water in sheer cliffs with very few open beaches, and loch fishermen of the British Isles, accustomed to the shallows and reed-grown fringes on their inland waters, will wonder where the trout obtain their bountiful food supplies in a lake of this depth; and the food supply must be unique to account for the size and condition of the fish. The country around the lake is covered with broom scrub, and when my correspondent arrived this was in full flower. As he says, the sight of this vast bright blue stretch of water, set in a blaze of gold, with high snow-capped mountains as a background was breath-taking.

**T**HE launch he hired was also on a magnificent scale, for it was 44 feet long, equipped with two engines—one for cruising and a smaller one for fishing—and also with all conveniences, including a radio set! I have never yet landed a fish to the accompaniment of a crooner's sorrowful moans, and I am wondering what effect it has on (a) the fish, (b) the fisherman and (c) the gaffer. The hire of this launch was £5 a day, but the money value of the New Zealand currency is 25 per cent. less than sterling, and, considering the sport obtained,

and that three rods could fish, the charge was not unreasonable, though I feel that there should have been 10 per cent. discount as "hard-lying" money on account of the radio set.

THE first fish, a 7½-lb. rainbow, was taken at 6 a.m., immediately after the start, and this was quickly followed by a 5-pounder. The party then went ashore, where the trout were grilled over a manuka scrub fire, and what a marvellous breakfast a loch trout provides when it goes straight from the home water to the pan. After this short interlude the party got down to serious work, and 3 rods in 2 days took 76 fish, total weight 415 lb. with an average weight of 5½ lb. While I am on statistics I will inflict a few others, and add that the largest fish weighed 9 lb., the smallest 3 lb. and a trout was landed every seven minutes.

A peculiarity of the fishing, my correspondent says, was that, as regards lures, there was nothing to choose between a trolled minnow,

the wet fly, or the dry fly, as they all seemed equally attractive, and the largest fish was taken on a dry fly. Also the trout, particularly the big fellows, rose more freely at midday in the full blaze and heat of a Mid-summer sun than at any other time.

UNLESS the anglers were desirous of obtaining the fullest value from their two days' fishing it is difficult to understand the extremely early start as, with my indolent southern chalk-stream habits, I have never found it necessary to set the alarm clock at 5 a.m. so as to be on the water ready for an early rise. The quietest and most lifeless hours on a chalk-stream are those between sunrise and the time when the day is well warmed up round about 10.30 a.m.

The only occasion on which I have fished trout at dawn was when staying at a small fishing hotel at Maam Cross in Connemara, when the landlord, who was taking me out in the boat, refused to listen to my protests, and

insisted I should rise before dawn. After an enormous breakfast consisting of unlimited eggs and about six months' war-time ration of bacon, cooked over the largest peat fire I have seen, we were on the small lough as the first rays of the sun lit up the mountain tops, and the experiences of that morning should have made me a confirmed early-rising angler for life.

WE were fishing wet with tail fly and two droppers in the usual Irish fashion, and, from the first cast, trout were being hauled in almost every minute, frequently two at a time, until we packed up at 11 a.m. with 98 fish in the boat. It was due only to not counting our bag while on the water that we failed to get the century. It may be added that they were, one and all, the usual Maam Cross size—three to the pound—which is not quite up to Lake Taupo class, but as regards flavour they would be hard to beat in any country in the world.

## DOWN THE LOWER THAMES

By R. T. LANG

ANYONE going from London to Southend can make it a very interesting journey by following the old road and keeping near the river bank. From its Gloucestershire source to the Nore the Thames is always a book; I cannot think of any other river in England with such a variety of reading.

Begin, if you have an eye for human activities, with the East End, that once undiscovered country which W. W. Jacobs and others have made known to us. The Commercial Road is a bit of real old London with, just to the right, Wapping—Jacobs's birthplace—which was recovered from the Thames in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and where you can still see the "Night Watchman" telling his tales of the sea, although now more of steam and oil than of sail. But the British sailor remains unchanged. I remember meeting one down here who had been already torpedoed three times and had included three weeks on a raft in his experiences. His pack was on his shoulder, so I greeted him with "Off again, Bill?"

"Aye," he replied, "things is



RUINS OF THE 13th-CENTURY CASTLE AT HADLEIGH

(Left) SOUTH BENFLEET WITH BENFLEET CREEK AT LOW TIDE

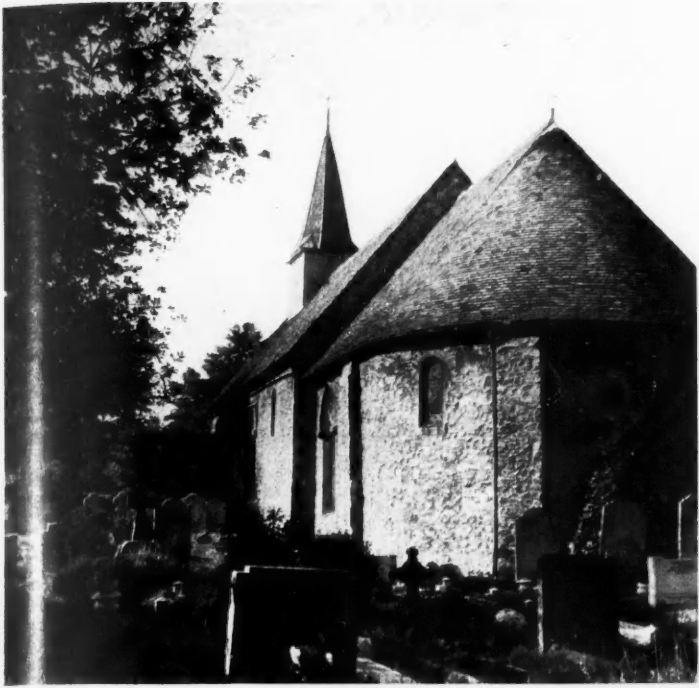


H. Smith

far too quiet 'ere." This was just when all the blitzing was going on, and a good instance, I thought, of the spirit that rules the sea to-day as dauntlessly as ever.

It seems hard to believe, now, that Poplar got its name, in the seventeenth century, from a grove of poplar trees there. After Canning Town the streets end and, with half a dozen open miles, we cross the Barking creek, one of the earliest known settlements of prehistoric man, to the point where the Chequer Inn projects the oldest inn sign across the road. For "the Chequers" was in use in Pompeii, when the chess-board was a common sign, although some will have it that it is merely the arms of the Earls de Warenne, who were given the ex-





H. Smith

#### HADLEIGH CHURCH.

EARLY TWELFTH CENTURY WITH A 15th-CENTURY WOODEN TOWER

On a window is a painting which is believed to be a portrait of Thomas à Becket

clusive right of granting inn licences by Edward IV. Over to the right you will see the modern extreme, the Ford works, stretching away down to the river.

So past Purfleet corner to West Thurrock, where the tower of the 11th—13th-century church was built within the foundations of the smallest of the circular churches which were built by the Knights Templar, the most famous of which is the old Temple Church. Then through Grays, believed to have derived its name from the Greys of Codnor, in Derbyshire. A helmet, sword and gauntlet of the family hang in the

(Right) ON THE THAMES, A RIVER PROVIDING A TREMENDOUS VARIETY OF SCENES

These barges, beneath a stormy sky, are moored off Woolwich

church, re-built in 1846, but still showing a Norman arch and Roman tiles. Little Thurrock has also a 13th-century church, with Norman arch and doorway.

Then the road runs down to the great docks of Tilbury. Here Henry VIII built a blockhouse in his scheme for the defence of England, when it was being threatened by the Pope, and this blockhouse was remodelled by Wren under Charles II. We all know the schoolbook story of Queen Elizabeth's "Bellona-like appearance" and her address to the troops assembled at Tilbury, when the Armada was threatening. Another view, as Mr. Hope-Moncreiff expresses it, is disconcertingly at variance with the traditional picture:

As a matter of fact, the danger was over. The winds and waves had fought for old England. Till the last moment the queen had put off preparations for defence, crippled throughout by her parsimony and vacillation. The militia, hastily assembled at Tilbury, had neither bread nor beer and were like to be famished but for the help of the loyal city of London. Our gallant sailors, their clothes in rags, their wages unpaid, were dying like flies from sickness and actual starvation; more of them perished thus than by Spanish shot. When her throne was saved, the niggardly queen called her admirals to account for comforts they had taken the responsibility of supplying to their sick; then, rather than haggle with such an ungrateful mistress, Lord Howard paid the money out of his own pocket. Had fine weather stood by the landing of those well-disciplined and well-armed invaders, one shudders to think how it might have gone with Elizabeth's raw levies, better off for spirit than for provisions and ammunition, and led by a general commissioned as the favourite of the virgin queen.

It is not a pleasant picture, but Queen Elizabeth had notoriously inherited the parsimony of her grandfather, Henry VII, and we had



H. D. Keilor

better strike that speech, delivered only when the Armada was away round the north of Scotland, from our records and remember only the better things about the great queen. The earth-works, which are pointed out on the marshes as hers are more probably Roman.

Here we turn north for St. Chad's Well, said to have been used for baptismal purposes by the 7th-century saint, to the old church at Chadwell St. Mary, with its two Norman windows, then eastward, over a pretty marshland run to Stanford le Hope. Just beyond the 12th-15th-century church turn right and away for Fobbing, which was the scene of the out-break of Jack Straw's rebellion in aid of Wat Tyler. Jack Straw was the name assumed by a priest who gathered the people here, killed the collectors of the obnoxious poll-tax, and marched to London, with as little result as in all the rebellions against constituted authority, when backed by nothing more than ill-clad, ill-fed and ill-armed peasants.

Then into Vange and along the old main road to Southend for nearly three miles, when turn south towards the river and South Benfleet. Here, in 894, Hasting the Dane, ravaging all the country, was dealt with by the London townsmen, who, tired of this public nuisance, set about him, routed his army, destroyed his ships and carried off all his treasure to London. Stout fighters, these Londoners, as many another foreigner has found down to the present day! In the church, built in 1070, there is a carved-oak porch, of about 1450, of exceptional interest.

Within the next half-mile the road enters Canvey Island, once a grave of British beauty. Here, tells Daniel Defoe, after his visit in 1727, "it was very frequent to meet with Men that had from five to six, to fourteen or fifteen wives, nay, and some more; and I was inform'd that in the Marshes over against Candy Island there was a Farmer then living with his five and Twentieth wife. The reason is that the Men being pretty seasoned to the Place, did pretty well with it; but they always went into the Uplands for a Wife. The young Lasses were healthy, fresh, and clear, and well, but when they came out of their native Air into the Marshes, among the Fogs and Damps, they presently chang'd their Complexion, got an Ague or two, and seldom held out above half a Year." Then another wife was brought down, and so the destruction of the young women went on. However, Vermuyden erected high banks and now effective drainage has made Canvey safe for women.

The island is sunny and healthy, deserving Ashby-Sterry's lines:

Hot is the summer day,  
Sweet is the scent of hay,  
Swiftly time flies away—  
At Canvey Island.

If when the piping times return, people seek a quiet, restful holiday, where they can do what they like and wear what they like, where the fresh breezes blow sweet off the river, and London and all its crowds seem a thousand miles away, they will find it in the bungalows which lie between Canvey village and Leighbeck.

Return to rejoin the main road at Hadleigh, with the picturesque ruins of its 13th-century castle standing on a knoll, the view from which was described by John Constable as the most

beautiful in Essex. Across the now-widening Thames lie the "sheep-covered" slopes of Sheppey, backed by the Kentish hills, blending green and blue in the distance. On a window in Hadleigh church (which is early twelfth century, with a 15th-century wooden tower) is a painting which is believed to be a portrait of Thomas à Becket. Adjoining the castle is one of the beneficent projects which are building a new race, the Salvation Army's farm colony. It was established in 1891, as part of General Booth's "Darkest England" scheme, to give special training to men and boys in farming and gardening and especially to fit them for emigration to the Dominions. Over 100,000 men and nearly 10,000 boys have now been trained here, rescued from the slums into the fresh air of country life. Cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry, and a large dairy herd are all maintained here—a part of the practical Christianity which was the late General's ideal.

Two miles more and smart villas are crowding out the Leigh which Mr. Arthur Morrison described in *Cunning Murrell* and the fishermen who were said to have a special taste in smuggling but are now chiefly occupied

in taking visitors for jaunts on the river. Leigh-on-Sea is fast becoming a "dormitory town" of London. Its church tower is a famous landmark and within its 15th-century building is a tablet to one of the great men of old, Robert Salmon, who died in 1641. Taking no interest in the quarrel between King and Parliament he was known as "the restorer of navigation," for the great work he did as Master of Trinity House from 1617 till his death.

Then through Westcliff, which, with its avenues and neat houses, claims to be the "fashionable" part of Southend. Once it aspired to be known as Kensington-on-Sea, but the suggestion had a short life.

So into Prittlewell, which does not allow its big neighbour to forget that it is but an offshoot, for it was originally "the south end of Prittlewell." There was a church here before the Conquest, and parts of St. Mary's go back to the seventh century. Its Cluniac priory, founded in the reign of Henry II, and presented to the town in 1917, stands in the park at the foot of the hill.

Prittlewell is now all one with Southend, which Lord Beaconsfield described as "much-abused Southend" adding that it was "very pretty—you could not have a sunnier climate or softer skies." It is one of the healthiest of all our coast resorts, particularly for children, and it is a pity that the public conception should be that it is just a "trippers' town." It was first brought to public notice by Queen Charlotte, in 1804, and since it is particularly popular with East-enders one can only say that they have displayed remarkably good taste. Its seven-mile-long promenade is none too big at holiday-time, in normal years, while its pier, stretching 1¼ miles out to sea, is the longest in the kingdom. It needs to be, for the sea retires to the far distance, but it is good to see the gay crowd which gathers, with the statue of Queen Victoria in her most imperious mood, commanding all and sundry to behave themselves.



SMUGGLERS' COTTAGES AT LEIGH-ON-SEA



A PRE-WAR PICTURE OF LEIGH

The tower of the 15th-century church is a well-known landmark



# THE TWILIGHT OF THE GREAT HOUSE

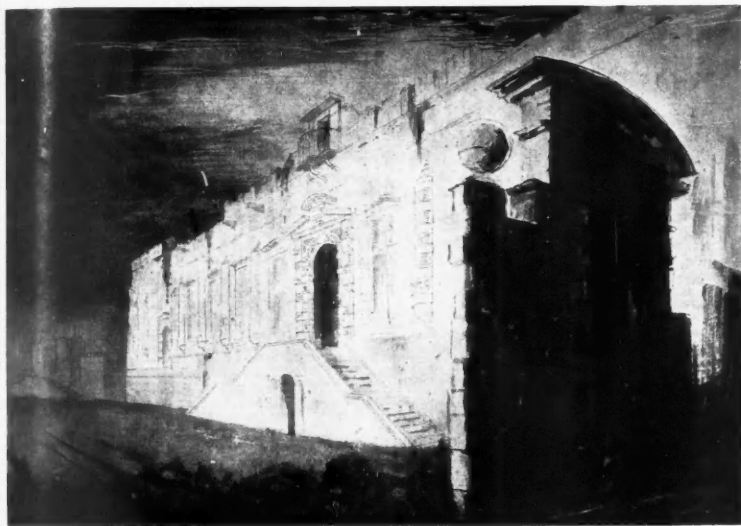
## PAINTINGS BY JOHN PIPER AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

At the very moment when the great English houses, the chief architectural expression of their country, are passing . . . a painter has appeared to hand them on to future ages, as Canaletto or Guardi handed on the dying Venice." So writes Sir Osbert Sitwell in a preface to the catalogue to John Piper's exhibition, most of the pictures in which have been painted to illustrate Sir Osbert's forthcoming autobiography—a record, he tells us, of the way of life in those houses. The theme—the twilight of the great house—and the actual buildings and locality concerned—"the lurid but beautiful region" where Derbyshire meets South Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire—are both well suited to John Piper's unusual combination of aptitudes.

Writing in COUNTRY LIFE not long ago of Hallamshire, as this region used to be called, Sir Osbert described its peculiar union of age-old industry, a noble landscape, and stately architecture, where "in the distance beyond the park, the great plumes of smoke wave triumphantly over the pyramids of slag, down which, every now and then, crawl writhing serpents of fire as cinders are discharged from the trucks, and in the woods this sudden illumination gives an added poignancy to the sylvan glade that it reveals." A "chiaroscuro world," where the very lanes were laid with clinker, a vitreous substance turquoise blue, marine blue, and sea green, and the grey-gold stone has been wrought into some of the most dramatic buildings in the land: the huge treasure-chest of Hardwick Hall, Bolsover Castle like a feudal acropolis overlooking the ravages of the industrial age, the brown battlemented and pinnaced length of Renishaw,



A RENISHAW ROOFSCAPE



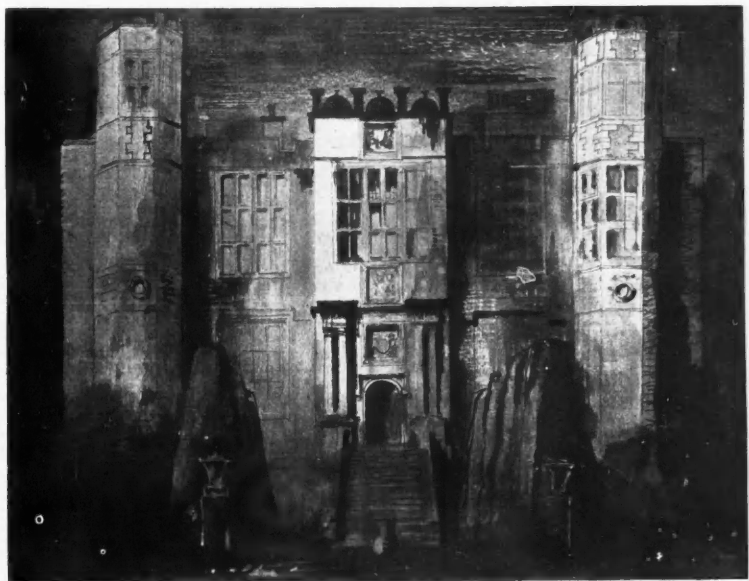
BOLSOVER. THE TERRACE

Sutton Scarsdale's great classic ruins, Chesterfield where even the church steeple writhes.

In this sombre yet glowing landscape, John Piper has found subjects ideally suited to his equipment as an artist. His unusual range of talents and interests is accounted for by Mr. John Betjeman in the letterpress of the Penguin Modern Painters series (5s.) devoted to him. Piper began late, after trying to be a solicitor in his father's firm, and from the first had a boyish flair for antiquarianism—old churches, particularly stained glass. As an artist these subjects and the drearier sea coasts attracted him. He was also something of a poet and for a time worked as a journalist. Then the art-vogue of the '30s got hold of him and he became ardently abstract, eschewing appearance, and all but a low range of colours, for geometrical and constructional patterns. Although this austere diet soon ceased to satisfy him, it taught him much about the use of juxtaposed colour, and disciplined his earlier liking for decoration for its own sake. And, as Mr. Betjeman says, there was that strong literary and poetic side of him which it did not satisfy. Throughout this abstract phase he was nevertheless doing topographical drawings and tracing stained glass, and looking with quickened eyes at the old masters of topographical drawing—especially Cotman, Samuel Palmer, the Rev. William Gilpin's "picturesque" aquatints, and F. L. Griggs. If he might not paint, at least he might photograph, the appealing shapes of Anglo-Saxon sculpture, Georgian architecture, and gothic "follies," and record in water-colour his deepened sense of the picturesque in natural wonders, early factories, and Regency pubs. A book of Gilpin-esque lithographs of Brighton terraces (1939), which he represented in his own terms of colour and pattern, paved the way for his return from the abstract wilderness to the work for which

he had subconsciously been all this time preparing himself: a restatement in contemporary form of those principles of "the picturesque" that had animated the great topographical school of water-colourists a century and a half ago. A commission from H. M. the Queen to draw Windsor Castle, and then an assignment as a War Artist to record ruin in flaming process among the City churches, completed his conversion to an artist's genuine function. That is surely, above the specialised exploration of particular æsthetic or psychological characteristics, to present an image of the visual scene heightened by personal sensibility and whatever the artist has in him of poetry, local knowledge, and general wisdom. For this his technical apparatus is only a means, not an end.

This is what John Piper has learnt to do. His methods are highly personal: he is a brilliant draughtsman, his colour schemes seem to have the sombre glow of stained glass, there is marked constructional validity to his composition. But he has harnessed these means to the end of helping us to see, to feel with all our faculties, the visual significance to-day of things worth seeing. These great Derbyshire houses are intensely picturesque, with the queer natural colour scheme of the region and their aura of boding tragedy. But not till now has there been an artist equipped both technically and psychologically to transform their essence into works of visual art. And what he can do for Derbyshire Piper can do equally well for other places, as shown by several notable Welsh mountain landscapes hung in the same room. C. H.



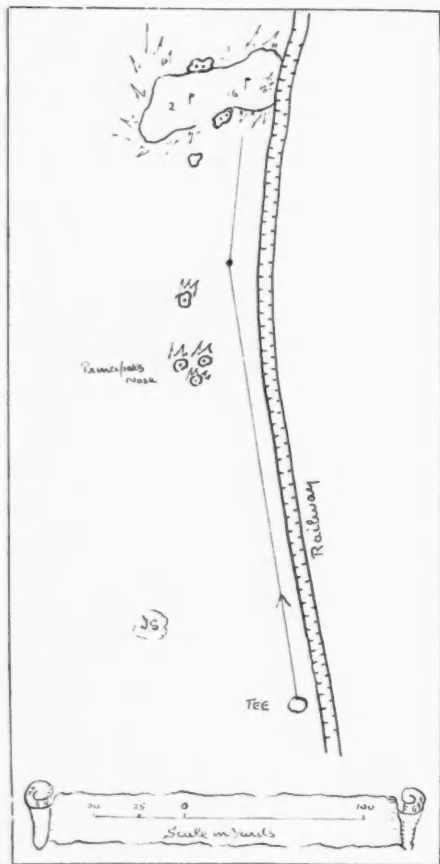
BARLBOROUGH HALL

# CLASSIC GOLF HOLES: TAKING RISKS

Written and Illustrated by T. SIMPSON

THE risks inherent in a well-designed golf course, a well-designed hole, are not at first sight apparent to the eye of the average unthinking golfer. The majority of golfers are primarily concerned in registering a par figure at a hole, occasionally getting what they call "a birdie"—a terrible word. We have wandered far from the old-time dignity and tradition of the game.

If the golfer were to be asked whether he were interested in golf architecture, he would say "No." But I am not sure he would be speaking the truth, for almost every day the merits or demerits of this or that hole are debated, and for the most part by people who have never taken the trouble to understand what goes to make a great course or a great hole. It is just the same story where knowledge of graphic art and wine are concerned. When an amateur goes to an exhibition of pictures, he is for the most part competent only to say what he likes, what in his opinion has decorative, wall-paper value. What does he know of chiaroscuro, composition, colour values, depth of tone, in a dry point, the sensitive line in an etching?



1.—ST. ANDREWS 16. There is plenty of room on the left of Principal's Nose, but, on that line, the second shot on to this closely guarded narrow plateau green is extremely difficult

Among those fond of wine, again the majority have no understanding. A man may know something of bouquet and beeswing, but what does he know of the velvet, and the body of wine, about finesse, or one of its elements *sève*, which is that lingering fragrance that continues to perfume the mouth, even after the after-taste has disappeared; or of the new factor that comes into play at the moment of swallowing, of *le moelleux* of a wine?

How many people realise what they mean when they talk of tasting a wine? What they really mean is smelling it as they hold it in

their mouth. The taste organs are affected in a mild degree only, but when a man is drinking a mouthful of wine, it is the nose on which enjoyment in reality depends.

I have stressed these points in an endeavour to persuade him who visits an exhibition of pictures, the wine-drinker and the golfer, that each would get infinitely more entertainment out of these pastimes if he would take the trouble to understand and appreciate their make-up, their meaning and intention. In the case of the golfer, I would quote the words of the late Mr. John Low (than whose no finer intelligence has been applied to golf architecture) as to what goes to make a great hole. This is what he wrote 25 years ago—it is more than ever true to-day:—

"The game has been waging a battle against the Inventor. The one aim of the Inventor is to minimise the skill required by the game. He tries to invent something which will make skill less necessary. The Inventor has been allowed too much licence.

"The proper technique of the Architect is to make the ground dictate the play. The good Architect will see to it that the hole proclaims that you must keep well to the right or well to the left as the case may be, with tee shot. And so in each stroke there shall be some special interest which demands some special manoeuvre as that practised by the billiard player who always has in mind the next stroke, or strokes, ahead."

In the many conversations I had with him, Mr. Low referred over and over again to certain guiding principles of design, such as:—

1. The proper orientation of the fairway to the tee, thereby stressing the importance of placing tee shot on the right or the left.

2. The proper orientation of the green to second shot, in such a fashion as to ensure that the green must be approached from one side or the other of the fairway, a noticeable feature of the following holes:—

St. Andrews 13 and 16  
Muirfield 1  
Prestwick 4  
Carnoustie 6  
Hoylake 17

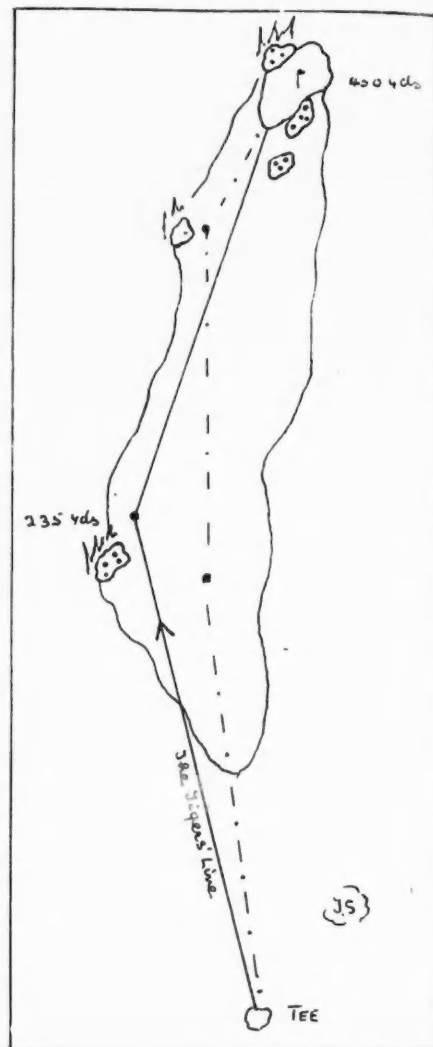
and of course many other holes.

3. That as few bunkers as possible shall be introduced, and far more use made of ridges and straths around putting greens, the great feature at St. Andrews. For the good player, bunkers merely serve as buoys and lighthouses, and chart the channel and also act as range-finders.

4. That putting-greens should, as far as possible, be of the narrow plateau type, as in the case of all the greens at St. Andrews, except 1, 9 and 13.

Mr. Low also stressed the importance of semi-visibility, occasionally. This is, again, a great feature of St. Andrews, where there are no fewer than eight holes at which only half the flag-stick can be seen from where the green has to be approached—a fact that may amaze even those who think they know St. Andrews well.

When you take into account the glorious, mischievous, subtle and provocative qualities of such classic holes as 2, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 17 at St. Andrews, it is little cause for wonder that the untutored professional prefers such prosaic courses as Troon, Lytham and St. Anne's, Deal and St. George's, for an Open Championship. A really great hole should possess the qualities of the man who lives by his wits and sails near the wind, in the conduct of his business. But I would lay it down axiomatically that every golf course should provide equal enjoyment for every class of golfer; that each hole should provide a definite intellectual problem for the good player, and quite another and less exacting one for the long handicap man, who after all is the mainstay of the game. A simple matter for the architect! Golfers and writers of distinction such as the late Mr. John Low and the late Mr. A. C. M. Croome, and among living authorities Mr. Stuart Paton, of Woking, and Mr. James Wright, of Carnoustie, accept these



2.—MUIRFIELD 1. The powerful player will take the unbroken line, the long handicap man the broken line. Each has his own problem and his own thrill

principles, but alas they are not generally understood by the golfing world.

The architect has no difficulty in giving the golfer a problem, but he cannot give him understanding.

For the benefit of those who have not travelled far afield, here is a list of holes of outstanding merit, which are generally accepted as embodying most, if not all, the essential principles of classic design:—

St. Andrews 2, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17  
Prestwick 4, 13  
Muirfield 1, 9  
Hoylake 1, 7, 17  
Co. Louth 2, 4, 9, 13, 14.  
Hayling 7, 14, 16.  
Rye 8.  
Portmarnock 3.  
Westward Ho! 16.  
Liphook 14.  
Addington New 8.  
Woking 3, 4 and 8.

Alas, one of the greatest of them all, the famous "Pandy" as it was, in all its glory, is no more.

Famous tee shots that live in the memory are those of St. Andrews 16 with the railway on the right and Principal's Nose and Deacon Sime on the left, and with only 25 yards of fairway between bunkers and the out of bounds.

Woking 4, a counterpart of that hole is another example, and so are the tee shots at Nos. 8 and 10 on that course. The same applies to many of the dog-leg holes at Prince's, Sandwich, where the greater the risk you take—the more you bite off of the diagonal sandhills—the better placed you are for second shot.

What, it will be asked, is the matter with the tee shot? The





3.—WEST SUSSEX 5. A great one-shot hole, embodying all the principles of classic design. The green has a tilt right to left. The floor of the green is slightly bombed. There is no background to act as a range-finder. The green is exposed and windswept

4.—CRUDEN BAY 4. One of the best and most beautiful one-shot holes on any golf course. How rarely are there glimpses of the sea on a seaside golf course! The tee and the green are exposed and windswept

answer is obvious. At that point there is the widest margin for error.

No less an authority than Arthur Croome defined a good tee shot thus:—

"A well designed tee shot is one where the scratch player is called upon to take a definite risk of getting into serious trouble if he is to be well placed for second shot, and to that end the trouble should be present just off his most favourable line to the hole" as at St. Andrews 16 (Fig. 1), Muirfield 1 (Fig. 2), Hayling 7, Carnoustie 6 and Hoylake 17.

The same authority, elaborating his contention, continued:—

"It is severe, no doubt because the almost good one is penalised, yet because of this direct challenge, the expert is interested without adding to the burden of his humbler brethren, who are unable to reach the particular hazard."

The keynote of the whole thing is Attack and Defence.

The game should be something of a triangular contest, conducted between one player and another, with the course itself as a third

party to be reckoned with as an antagonist.

In this sense it is a form of attack and counter-attack, because an increased pressure on the part of the player exerts unconsciously a corresponding resistance on the architect's part.

I have attempted to illustrate and describe some of the great holes of the world, one and all mischievous, subtle and provocative, at which the golfer is faced with the necessity of overcoming a sense of irritated frustration until he understands their message and learns to play them as dictated by their design.

## THE SECRET

**M**OST places either attract one at first and then, little by little, lose their attraction by over-familiarity; or they seem hostile and only after much wooing relent and show their softer side. With a very few places does one fall in love at first sight and stay so all one's life. Of such is an Irish fortress built about 1812 beside a Norman castle, both sited to cover the treacherous mouth of a lough already well guarded by sandbanks which churn the waves to angry foam all day long. This fort is now a hotel, though that name, suggestive of porters and waiters and central heating, suits it ill, for it is still poised in the age of turf fires and candle-light and, until recently, the hostess did most of the cooking herself.

My first visit was one unforgettable September fifteen years ago, and my last one was when I was on leave last September. Nothing has changed. The sea still laps the rocks below the battlements and fills with its rippling music the turf-scented salty air; robins sing quietly, as if to themselves, in the sheltered thickets; jackdaws clack ceaselessly on chimneys and sunny ledges or wheel overhead between fort and castle surveying the amenities of both; and the hum of the wind, in every key, is heard from look-out to dungeon.

All these sounds were as they had been—peaceful but wildly, potently thrilling as the sounds of an orchestra tuning up. Science can measure waves of sound and light and colour, but how they react on the human brain must vary with the sensitivity of each individual. To me, blind once for a time, those sounds that echoed all over the fort and the colours of the country all round its walls—the infinite shades of heather and bracken and grass, of tree and flowering shrub, of the sky and the sea and the glimmering miles of sand and, beyond all this, the blue towering mountain with its fissured cliffs and tapering scree—were contentment beyond all words to describe.

I know the fort so well that, whenever I wish, I can wander in spirit all over it, from the fire-step on top of its great round tower to the sheltered bays of the Lower Works. I can stand with the red-coated gunners swinging their guns in the semicircular gun emplacements, or manning the loop-holed curtain walls which command the ditch and the northern glacis and the scrub by the ruins of the castle with the

shakoed, gold-laced garrison commander up and down the terrace as he worked out in his mind likely lines of approach for a further exercise with the local "Fencibles" (if this equivalent to the Home Guard existed in Ireland then) or planned a combined test of his defences by Navy and Army to show to the Officer in charge of Fixed Defences next time he paid a visit.

Would he, I wonder, have liked to know that the day would come when his dismantled fortifications saw children battling there with javelins made from bracken stalks, and siren-like young women leaning on the monastic ramparts waving to naval patrol boats passing up and down? At least he might have laughed at the small boy who, puzzled by hearing one boat hail another with the words: "There's a nasty swell out there this morning," asked his mother: "What sort of swell?"

Not only the fort itself, however, but all the surrounding countryside is packed with memories. Out at the headland, where great cliffs hurl back the sea, stand two black and white lighthouses, domed and fluted, immured on their rock with the coastguard station like a mediaeval city, a subject for an artist of any calibre. Beyond this colony is a chain of beaches deep in pale-tinted shells. A low archway of rock opens on to the last tiny bay where Atlantic rollers come cresting in and a wind whirls madly round like the wind in a mountain gully.

Once, long ago, we traversed those rocks on good foot- and hand-holds, with the green sea splashing our feet and gulls screaming overhead, till we rounded the buttress and reached a dark booming cave of unexplored depth whence Pluto might well have driven his chariot to snatch from me another as fair and as fond of flowers as Proserpina. At the top of those cliffs graze sheep with horns like Jupiter Ammon, and down one of the clefts, near the place where Columba set sail for the Western Isles, is a holy well.

Above this enchanted spot stretches a line of heather-covered hills with farms and little square fields skirting its foot. In the highest whitewashed, wagon-thatched cottage, visible from the fort as a white speck where fields end and heather begins, lives an old woman with plaits of snow-white hair and blue eyes which seem to hold all the magic she sees in teacups.

We went to take tea with her again recently, driving, as far as the track would allow,

in an old pony-trap with an arch-malingering liver chestnut, high Prince, between the shafts. The welcome she gave us after a lapse of eight years wiped those years off the slate, as indeed did the sight once more of that one-roomed cottage—the fire in the open fireplace, the blackened rafters, the shadowy red-curtained bed in its recess, the tiny window overlooking the lough and the rows of brightly flowered bowls ranged on the dresser. Here again nothing had changed, though the lough, seen from this height in all its silver splendour, now carried swift hunting craft.

After tea, and a "fortune" told round the fire from each child's cup, she showed them, at the earnest request of the middle child who had spotted a Brigid's Cross stuck in the roof, how to make one of those immemorial emblems of good luck. Under her knotty fingers, so strangely apt for fine needlework, and the cat-like stare of two pairs of eyes the green rushes took shape and the clipped ends dropped one by one at her feet. The third child borrowed my knife and started to scratch his name on one of the stones outside the door, to make sure he would come back again. When the cross was tied, and the name half cut, we said good-bye and she waved till we had crossed the cornfield and were nearing the farm where pony and trap had been left.

On one of the steeper hills down, the youngest, walking beside the crafty Prince, said meditatively: "She must be very lonely living up there all by herself."

"Och, no!" retorted the middle child, all Irish and clutching his cross. "Sure she's the sun and the moon and the fairies for company."

How often do children intuitively know the answers to questions which baffle their elders. I had never quite known why the fort drew me so strongly. But now I am sure it has something to do with this rich companionship of Nature whose "inexpressible powers" Richard Jefferies felt everywhere.

To stand on the fort's ramparts and look around is to stand on the threshold of all earthly beauty. The very air is charged with such poetry and music as echoed on Prospero's isle and the great enchanter's book and staff lie ready to hand. This is the secret Jefferies wanted all children to find from the "sun and the wind, the running water and the breast of the broad earth," the secret of evergreen love.

G. R. S.

## OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XI

## LEWES: COUNTY TOWN OF SUSSEX

By W. E. BARBER

ON a misty morning you can, from Cliffe Hill, see a thousand years of history rolled back from Lewes, and the Saxon borough, as it used to, stand jutting out of a tidal haven. On such mornings a grey and placid sea laps the flanks of Firle Beacon and of Kingston Hill, brimming southward to where the waters of the Channel can be seen gleaming in the sunlight. To the east lies Glynde Reach, broad enough, it seems, to bear all the Sussex ships that may have lain there waiting for the coming of Philip of Spain's Armada. One can see the vanished haven in the mists; see the Saxon Commandos working their way up the narrow tidal inlet from Seaford Head to the thin-necked promontory of chalk on which Lewes stands.

It was, it would seem, the Saxons who first saw the military strength of this site, its water defences to south, east and north, and the ease with which its steep and narrow approach from the west could be held. As a convenient marketing town and centre of local government, it had already, before the Conquest, eclipsed its rivals at Chichester and Hastings. While they had one mint each, Lewes had two, and that was a good index of importance in those days.

Whatever differences of opinion there may have been in the past as to which of them is rightly the capital town of the South Saxons, there can be no doubt of one thing, the extraordinary difference between the layout of the Saxon fortress on the Ouse and that of the Roman city of Chichester; one as geometrically designed and neatly disposed as any Transatlantic city, the other built as Nature ordered, its spine along the spur of

Down, and its ribs—for it has all the appearance of an ungainly vertebrate—slanting down on either side to the bottoms below. That spine to-day is exactly followed, as indeed it always has been, by the High Street of the town.

That High Street I was first taken to see "in detail," as they say, by Edward Verrall Lucas; and no more faithful son of Sussex, no more learned guide or no more delightful companion on such a quest ever existed.

But this article is not going to be either a chronicle of personal reminiscences or a catalogue of disappearing architectural beauties. There are more general considerations to be drawn from a comparison in memory between the town of to-day and that of thirty years ago.

Among the many thousands who in time of peace are held up in their cars (or thrown violently forward when the bus comes to a sudden stop) at what is known in Lewes as Y.M.C.A. corner, it is safe to say that few if any reflect that they are being stopped to allow traffic to pass out of the west gate of a mediæval town. Yet, masked by the buildings before them, are not only the bases of the old Gate Towers, but the Town Wall itself stretching north round the great Castle mounds and south to the old watergate that once gazed across a tidy stretch of water to the great Priory of St. Pancras. To-day the south wall, from which

it gave access to the waterside, looks over nothing more harbour-like than the cattle market, and the intricate tangle of rails and buildings which make up the Southern Railway station and its goods yards. Below them the seasonal flow of the Winterbourne now makes its subterranean way to the Ouse.

These changes, however, have not occurred in the last thirty years. Even the final desecration of the Priory by driving the railway line to Brighton through its walls and over the site of the High Altar happened almost exactly a century ago. And on the whole it is safe to say that, so far as the major remains of mediæval Lewes are concerned, not much destruction has been worked since the be-



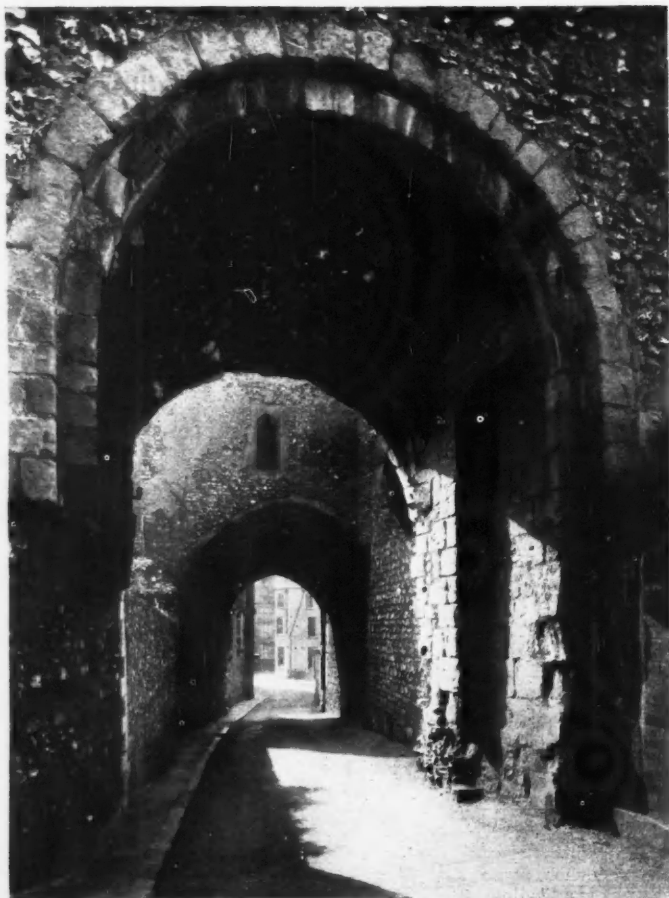
British Council

## KEEP OF LEWES CASTLE FROM THE BARBICAN

ginning of the century. The Castle, which the cruel hand of warfare never touched, became its picturesque self not from the vandal hand of Thomas Cromwell, but from centuries of neglect on the part of its owners, and from—let us put it mildly—chronic lack of building material among the good people of Lewes. To-day the Castle and its precincts are in good hands and for the most part well cared for. The same is true of the Priory, though—thanks to the same lack of building stone—little remains to care for.

Even the most conspicuous heirlooms of history, however, are not impregnable to the forward-looking reformer of ancient towns. This is war-time, and the less said about what has happened to a certain ancient bowling green the better. But in coming back to the West Gate and Y.M.C.A. Corner, we shall find the Town Wall has already been covered over with a mask of municipal brick, and shorn of the Tudor buildings which a few years ago stood to the west of it. This has been done in the name of traffic improvement, and this traffic question raises a problem which faces many an old town besides Lewes.

If the "Baedeker" policy of enemy bombing had been more successful than it was, the problem might of course have solved itself. When the war ended there might have been no more of these unfortunate and beautiful towns left, perpetually in a state of having to decide between their past and their future. The *tabula rasa* for which some people are always clamouring would have been here in good earnest. But, as the substance of the past is progressively destroyed, what remains of it should surely become infinitely more precious. Nevertheless, quite apart from the



## (Left) GATEWAY OF A MEDIÆVAL STRONGHOLD

Looking through the arches of the Barbican



(Right) THE STEEP HIGH STREET School Hill half a century ago. Essentially unchanged to-day but for minor disfigurements

present war, there are forces at work in and about every historic town of any size which sooner or later, if left to themselves, are bound to destroy that sense of historic continuity and historic values which it is so needful to safeguard in a world of wild and facile experiment.

As Lewes is a case in point, let us consider its position in a broad and general way. Apart from the bottleneck at the West Gate of the town, the High Street is, except in the short middle section where the Market buildings once stood, narrow and inconveniently steep. The streets which lead off the knife-edge it follows—in spite of the fact that the Prince Regent is said to have driven his coach down Keere Street—are all even more steep and narrow. The traffic arrangements of Lewes, in fact, are utterly inadequate and completely unfitted for a town which is not only a vital east and west traffic artery, but which acts as a main junction for road transport to Newhaven, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, East Grinstead, Haywards Heath and Brighton. No wonder a 'bus conductor informed me confidentially the other day that the only thing to do with the town was "to pull the whole blinkin' place down."

There are others who, on purely material considerations of efficient transport, would entirely agree, and long before the war projects were afoot for by-passing the town for long-distance traffic. There was no great enthusiasm for the idea. The figures involved were said to be astronomical, and there were many who quite reasonably objected to "turning away the trade from our doors!" To-day the price of efficiency and security might not appear so high, and there might be less to grumble about in a world of Government-controlled trading. But meanwhile the beauty and dignity of what was once one of the most attractive and dignified streets in Southern England has been gradually crumbling away. Lewes owed this incomparable attraction to what was probably the happiest time in its history, the eighteenth century.

It was then that the "county," wishing to be less at the mercy of clay and ruts and mire, built themselves capacious houses where they

could spend the months of bad weather in agreeable company. Few better sites could be found. Any house on the crest of the southern slopes of the Hill commanded uninterrupted prospects of the Downs, and most of those who built along the High Street added to their enjoyment by making pleasant walled gardens shaded with mulberries and limes. In this they were following earlier

tradition, for though the construction of town houses became something of a rage in the eighteenth century—in 1792 bricks were so much in demand that there was difficulty in finding enough to complete the new Town Bell-tower—the gentry of the time were only doing as the landowners and rich merchants of earlier centuries had done. Lewes had long been prosperous, and had many wealthy citizens. From Saxon times until comparatively recently it was not only the chief market of East Sussex but a port of considerable importance so far as the carriage of agricultural goods was concerned. Ship-building, indeed, was carried on until after the middle of last century, and, though its industries were never of great importance, much agricultural machinery was made and sold, and the ironworks turned out ordnance during the Napoleonic Wars, as indeed they did again in later times. The corn market dates back to the seventeenth century, and in the days when John Ellerman flourished at Glynde and established the Southdown breed the town recovered much of the importance in the wool industry which it had held in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when "weighers of wool" were regularly appointed to the port.

While new houses were being built many earlier ones were reconstructed or re-fronted, and the admirable shops which were either converted from their former obscurity or built to serve the well-to-do inhabitants of a



Reeves



(Left) COUNTY HALL (extreme right) IN THE HIGH STREET. The famous White Hart is opposite

E. J. Bedford



THE GARDEN FRONT OF PELHAM HOUSE

SCHOOL HILL HOUSE (left)—FORMERLY LORKINS—AND LEWES HOUSE—FORMERLY BUGATES—IN THE HIGH STREET  
Church Lane separates these houses

prosperous Georgian town were made to correspond in dignity with the buildings that surrounded them. These and many other pleasant buildings of later date serve to show the continuity of tradition.

Defoe, in the seventeenth century, found Lewes already "full of the seats of gentlemen of good families and fortune." By the time that a Lewes doctor conspired with the Prince Regent to attract society to the neighbouring coast at Brighton, Lewes already had amenities which must have made it an agreeable town to live in. There were first-rate hotels like the Star—now Lewes Town Hall—and the White Hart, and there were the coffee-houses of the period. Lewes Races had flourished since the beginning of the century, and during the week's Meeting there were dances and festivities every night. A theatre was established in 1792, and when Brighton began to grow popular, the gaieties and amusements of the parent town did not diminish.

It would serve no purpose here to describe these buildings in detail. Lewes House and School Hill House—both on the School Hill section of the High Street—belong to the middle and early years of the eighteenth



AN 18TH-CENTURY GAZEBO IN THE GARDEN OF 103, HIGH STREET



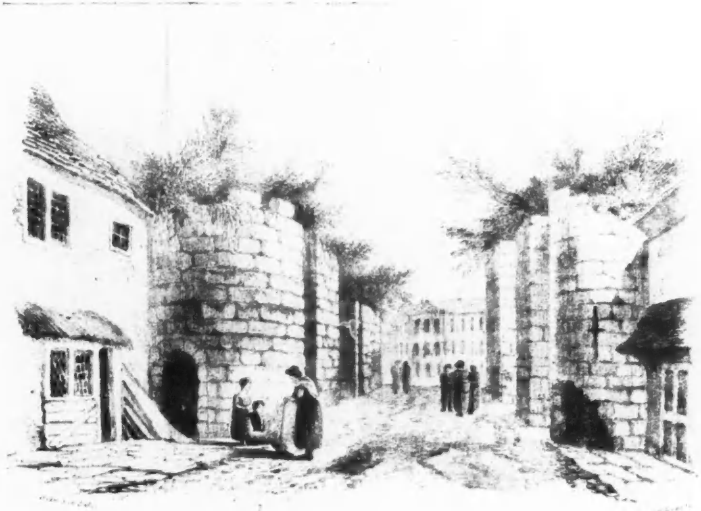
PICTURESQUE HOUSES IN SOUTHOVER HIGH STREET

H. Felton

century; Lewes House was enlarged on the street side in 1812. Many of the others show evidence of their earlier history. The town house of the Shelleys, which is now the Shelleys Hotel, is Elizabethan on the side which fronts the street, though it was furnished with new windows in the eighteenth century. The central porch is dated 1577. The White Hart Hotel, with a pleasant 19th-century finish, also exhibits its Elizabethan past in the walls of its entrance yard. It was originally the town house of the Pelham family, and the Pelham House which replaced it stands to the west a little below the level of the High Street. This too was re-modelled and refaced with red brick by William Campion during the Napoleonic Wars, but much of its original Elizabethan walling remains encased in the later fabric.

What then will happen, if it is not gone already, to what remains of all this civic dignity and beauty? For half a century the process of deterioration has gone on. There is no need to mention names. Modest houses full of history have made way for banks and other modern offices; old and dignified shop-fronts have been ruthlessly torn down—one superb Georgian arcade was rescued from the spoiler and until destroyed by enemy action was to be seen in the City Museum at Hull. There are other historic houses which might have vanished already had war not come. A few years





A TRAFFIC PROBLEM OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: LEWES OLD TOWN HALL. THE WAR MEMORIAL NOW STANDS ON THE SITE. (Right) THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM TO-DAY: THE WEST GATE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WHICH STILL OBSTRUCTS ENTRY TO THE TOWN. From Horsfield's *The History and Antiquities of Lewes*

ago a key block of land was offered for sale in the very heart of the High Street. There were reasons why most of it did not sell at the moment. But had it done so, the whole character of central Lewes might have been changed by now, and the predominantly Georgian High Street become a jumble of commercial developments ruinous to beauty and beyond any future hope of repair.

The question arises whether if a comprehensive plan of traffic diversion could be devised at the end of the war a replanning of the centre of the town could be carried out which would restore the character of the High Street and at the same time display to greater advantage the mediaeval core supplied by the Castle and its surroundings. Things might be greatly improved if the Brack Mount, the earlier of the "Twin Mounds of loyal Lewes" could be cleared of many of the buildings surrounding it. Lewes, like many other market towns, has its slums which it would be much better without, and so far the moving of some of their population to building estates on the fringes of the town has done little to improve its appearance or to make the most of the best that still remains. The chief trouble arises from the narrowness of the streets and the density of the buildings and the steep gradients in the centre of the town, but a great deal of clearance would be

possible if only the right areas were chosen for reconstruction and those features which were preserved for their history or their beauty were revealed as they should be and shown to full advantage. There is no lack of skilled guidance or sound opinion at the call of the local authorities.

The Borough itself has a Post-War Development Committee keenly aware of the difficulties of the situation, and anxious that whatever changes are made in coming years shall not involve the sacrifice of the town's historic character, or indeed of any of its architectural beauties. In their first report, issued recently, this Committee, while obviously realising that such problems as the widening and improvement of existing main roads in country towns like Lewes cannot be solved by the local authority alone, put forward at least one important improvement scheme as "matter for representation only." Upon it the Borough Council itself can clearly take no action at present, and it needs the most careful consideration from the broadest point of view. The main suggestion is that the High Street, where it enters the town through the old West Gate, should be widened and divided in such a way as to pass north as well as south of St. Michael's Church, leaving that building on an island site, and thus opening up the Castle

and Keep to full view from the High Street. In many ways there can be no doubt of the advantages of such a change, but it is a proposal to be examined with the utmost care. The Committee suggest that the remains of the West Gate should remain, the northern diversion of the High Street passing round them, and go on to say that their plan will "not affect any property of architectural appeal or distinction." It will, as a matter of fact, involve the removal of several houses of distinction, and one at least of much historic interest, in which there lived the Sussex naturalist Gideon Mantell, author of *The Fossils of the South Downs*, and Mrs. Mantell, who executed that book's most attractive engravings. It is not to be expected that those who believe that Lewes High Street as a whole really merits preservation (and not merely piecemeal conversion in the interests of through traffic) will be induced to agree that there is no threat in the Committee's proposal to the character of the town's most priceless possession. Nor is it possible to escape the implication of the Committee's further suggestion that "at the junction of Westgate Street fronting the new section of road, it would be possible to develop an area of land for the erection of business premises having an approximate frontage of 895 ft."



Photographs by H. Felton

MORLEY HOUSE, A 16TH-CENTURY BUILDING NOW 174-5, HIGH STREET. (Middle) A FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE—211, HIGH STREET—AT THE FOOT OF SCHOOL HILL. (Right) BOW WINDOWS FACING ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

# A FUTURE IN FORESTRY

## A Third Open Letter to Service Men

**D**EAR SIR,—In two previous letters I have tried to sketch for you, so far as they can be seen at present, the prospects and opportunities which you may expect to encounter if you decide, when you leave the Service, to seek a career on the land. We have talked so far about farming and its many branches, and I have tried to impress upon you the prime necessity if you wish to succeed and be happy that you should be constitutionally fitted for the job, that you should not shirk drudgery, or imagine that you can live the life upon a farm which you and your family may have been accustomed to live in the town.

These considerations will be just as important to you if you should decide to try your hand at that branch of agriculture which provides the most valuable crops in the world.

### FIFTY-YEAR PLAN

At the end of the last war Parliament, shocked out of its previous complacency by the difficulties which our dependence upon foreign timber had caused, set up the Acland Committee which recommended a programme of afforestation with coniferous trees on bare lands. Though the policy was adopted, the "economy campaigns" of later years limited its scope severely, but the principle of State afforestation was accepted and a Forest Service was gradually brought into existence under the control of the Forestry Commissioners. During the inter-war period this State Forest Service began to cultivate a very extensive Forest Estate, which is already of importance so far as timber supply is concerned. During the first decade (1919-1929), 310,230 acres of plantable land were acquired, and during the second decade 344,757 acres. I am giving you these figures in order that you may compare them with the programme put forward during the war by the Forestry Commissioners for the fifty years which lie ahead. That programme is based upon the assumption that by devoting five million acres of Britain to effective forest we can provide ultimately about one-third of our current requirements of timber. These five million acres, the Forestry Commissioners propose, should be secured partly from existing woodlands (two million acres) and partly from the sixteen million acres of uncultivated land in this country (three million acres). You will see that prospects of employment and advancement in the various branches of forestry service are likely to be much brighter if this plan is adopted, and it is clear that something very much like it can hardly be avoided.

### SLOW DEVELOPMENT

You will also realise that this development must be a gradual one. The operations of forestry are slow-moving and the harvest is long delayed. The Commissioners estimate that the employment provided by five million acres in full working order would be: 50,000 men employed full time in the forests, in forest industries 200,000, making 250,000 in all. The highest figure would of course take long to attain.

This, however, does not mean that a very considerable post-war expansion in the industry and the prospects of those employed in forest work is not likely to take place. It undoubtedly will occur and may, if you are willing to learn your job thoroughly from the beginning, offer you just the chance you want. Unless you have previously been connected with the timber industries, however, you have probably little idea as to what kind of personnel modern forestry requires, and it is obviously your first job to find out something about this and about pay and conditions. First let it be said that at all levels of employment forestry demands much personal initiative and skill. If you have little initiative, little power of making rapid decisions and no taste for the drudgery by which skill is acquired, do not seek a career in forestry. But being, as I assume, a very different sort of person, you will probably find a constant interest in the variety of the work

as a whole. You will enjoy a life largely spent in the open and you will join the fortunate ranks of those whose work is mainly to conserve, to accept a heritage from the past and to hand a tradition on to those who come after.

You wish to know something of the grading in the forest world. The classification adopted in the State forests is a fairly rigid one, and though the status of foresters and woodmen on private estates is far less fixed, the general idea is much the same. At the head of the State personnel are the forest officers whose normal entry is from the Schools of Forestry at the Universities. Degree courses are at present provided at Oxford, Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Bangor. At Cambridge a shorter forestry course is conducted for men reading for the degree in Estate Management. There will also be a course at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, which is opening up again next October. It is worth noting that the Imperial Forestry Institute at Oxford serves as a central institution for the higher training of forest officers both in forestry and research, and that reminds me to mention that in the Empire and Colonial services there will be good jobs going for men who acquire the requisite training.

### UNIVERSITY TRAINING

It is difficult of course, until Parliament has decided to adopt the Commissioners' Fifty Years Plan, or has modified it in some way, to estimate the additional number of forest officers who will be required. But probably the training provided in the four existing University Schools will suffice for them. The courses last three years, and even when they are completed some years of practical experience are necessary before a graduate is competent to take executive charge of woodlands. Rare cases have occurred in which foresters have been promoted to the grade of forest officers, and in future this may well occur more frequently. If it does so scholarships or some sort of maintenance will presumably be provided during the absolutely indispensable course of University study.

You must not assume, of course, that the University training is simply a question of book-work and academic instruction. The Forestry Societies in the country are united in agreeing that during their courses students should work in the woods for at least twelve months, first as labourers and later as assistants to the managers, and it seems likely that in training courses after the war this plan will be generally adopted. As for the pay of a forest officer, in May of this year a Divisional Officer under the Forestry Commission received a salary of from £750 to £1,000 a year with a temporary war allowance of £100. The figures for district officers varied from £275 to £650 according to grade, and for all officers the appropriate Civil Service war bonus is payable. These figures, of course, are not of general application to private woodlands, but they will give you some idea of scales of pay in the Government Service.

### FOREST ARMY RANKS

Foresters, foremen and head woodmen constitute the non-commissioned officers of the forest army. Most of the foresters in the State service and some of the older head foresters on private estates have received a two years' course at Parkend in the Forest of Dean, or at Benmore in Scotland, after having worked as woodmen for two years or more. Others have simply been promoted to the job of foreman and by sheer ability found their way to the higher rank. What are the duties of such a man, you may ask, when compared with those of the woodman and head woodman? A head forester must be able to manage a staff and to supervise all the operations of forestry, including those in the forest nursery and the estate sawmill. He must be capable of surveying land and valuing and selling timber. He should also be able to supervise the woodland accounts and to study local requirements.

So far as woodmen are concerned, a small

estate generally employs a head woodman instead of a forester. He is in charge of the other woodmen and works with them. In the past there has been very little difference between the pay of skilled and unskilled woodmen except when working on piece rate. Here, however, are the May, 1944, scales of the Commission's employees.

Head foresters: £250 to £300, plus house.  
Grade I and II foresters: £150 to £250, plus house.

Foremen: 85s. to 90s. per week.

The pay of forest workers corresponds with the minimum agricultural wage, and piece work is calculated to give about 25 per cent. above the time rate.

### APPRENTICES' SCHOOLS

A few figures with regard to the Commission's Apprentices' Schools for foresters may be of use to you. At the end of the last war five such schools were established, but owing to changes in policy the instructional work was finally concentrated at the Forest of Dean and Benmore. During the twenty years 1919-1939, 427 apprentices received their qualifying certificate, of whom 378 were appointed to the Commission's service. Post-war arrangements await a decision on the part of the Government with regard to the whole of the Fifty Years Plan, but it may be said that the Commissioners have been considering the desirability of reducing the apprentices' course from two years to one year with a refresher course for selected men after two years' service. Incidentally it may be worth while pointing out that the timber industry will probably be prepared to accept men who have undergone a short forestry training.

Whether one of the programmes in the Commissioners' Plan is adopted in its entirety or not, it will be useful for you to have some idea of the immediate tasks of forestry work at the time you will be applying for your training. The two Forestry Societies have recently pointed out that the most urgent requirements will be to clear away the debris from our woods and to replant the land before it becomes foul with weeds and undergrowth. Arrears of thinning, fencing and draining will also have to be made up, and though most of this work can be done by men who have not yet acquired a deep knowledge of forestry, it will require competent supervision by foremen with sufficient knowledge to carry out the work economically. The first educational duty of the Forest Authority will therefore be to select and train a large number of forest foremen. The number of trained foresters before the war, in national forests and estate woodlands combined, did not exceed 1,000, and the Forestry Societies have suggested a figure of 2,000 men for post-war training. A good many of them may well come from the considerable number who have been working in the Home Timber Department of the Ministry of Supply, where they have gained forest experience and perhaps fallen in love with the life.

### LIMITED CHANCES

You will realise from this that the opportunities for immediate training for the non-commissioned grades are not likely to be so many, particularly if you have no experience at all. But all that I said in my first letter with regard to the importance of beginning at the beginning, applies just as much to forestry as to other branches of agriculture. Perhaps I should add that for those of you who aspire to become forest officers or obtain administrative posts, the same Government assistance to complete your training will be available as is described in my second letter, and on the same conditions. If you require more definite information on any of these points I have raised, you might well write for it to the Forestry Commission. Again "Good Luck."

W. E. B.

*Previous Open Letters to Service Men—on Training for the Land—appeared on December 1 and 15, 1944.*



# A PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE?

Mr. Clifford Bax has brought to our notice this remarkable portrait, with its ancient ascription to Shakespeare, as a Collectors' Question



1.—THE STRATFORD BUST

(Right) 2.—PORTRAIT INSCRIBED AS OF "GULIELMO SCESPIRIO" Formerly belonging to the Earl of Nithsdale (d. 1742)



SIR,—The picture (Fig. 2) of which I send you a photograph has on the back of the canvas an inscription in Italian. The lettering is said to date from "about the middle of the eighteenth century" and the words contain twelve examples of obsolete spelling. This inscription states that the picture "represents the great English poet William Shakespeare (Gulielmo Scespirio) and was painted by the great Flemish artist Franz Hals." It goes on to tell us that the portrait was brought to Rome and given to the monastery of Santo Gregorio on Monte Celso by the Earl of Nithsdale after his escape from the Tower in 1715. It ends with the statement that the Earl died at Rome. This was in 1742, so that the inscription cannot be of earlier date, but obviously the picture can be.

Nobody accepts the portrait as a work by Franz Hals. Other painters whose names have been suggested are Philippe de Champaigne and Cornelius Jansen. Various reasons for not believing that this is a portrait of Shakespeare have been advanced (as we should expect) by various persons. The chief objections seem to be: (1) That Shakespeare was not of sufficient importance in his own time to be the subject of a portrait. Against this we must bear in mind the portraits in the Dulwich Art Gallery, which include one of Nathaniel Field, an actor far less prominent than Shakespeare was. (2) That the pose is theatrical—this is advanced partly as evidence that the picture is not by an English painter of Shakespeare's time—and that it suggests an imaginative reconstruction of what the poet ought to have looked like. (3) That the costume is too late. A careful student of the work of Rubens, however, assures me that this is not so. Anyway, the head is painted so much better than the rest of the picture that we may have the work of two painters.

In favour of its authenticity I would put forward the following considerations: (1) Can anyone seriously maintain that this picture

is not from a living model? Its life-likeness is its outstanding quality. (2) It may have been painted from an earlier original. (3) Lord Nithsdale gave it to the monastery either in 1715, when he arrived in Rome, or in 1742, when he died there. So far as I know, Shakespeare was not during that period a name to conjure with in Italy. Why, therefore, should the Earl or the monks have said that the portrait is of Shakespeare if it is not? (4) Over and above all the pros and cons I put the unanimous verdict of every author who has seen this picture that here is a face—fiery, troubled, strangely various—which at last satisfies expectation. I am astonished that high authorities should be able to persuade themselves that all Shakespeare can be perceived in the Droeshout engraving and the Stratford bust (Fig. 1). This, I am sure, is an instance of self-deception in the holy cause of scepticism.

I bought the picture a month ago from an Italian priest who has a small collection of old canvases and who is now living in London. It has been X-rayed and there are no signs of any under-painting except that the hands have been slightly reduced in size.

## THANKSGIVING FOR SONG

I HEARD a curlew's crying  
Over bare, bogland places:  
A lonesomeness was in it,  
Like a soul was struck with dread;  
And I crossed myself that day,  
And begged, of all God's graces,  
That I be not, in my hour,  
Friendless and unshepherded.

I heard a skylark's singing  
Over hills crowned with heather:  
A lightness was in it,  
Like a soul to God a-wing;  
And I blessed myself that day,  
In the clear, sunlit weather,  
And "Thanked," said I, "be Heaven  
For all creatures made to sing!"

LIAM P. CLANCY.

The reader may be launched upon a pleasant meditation if I tell him that my play *The Immortal Lady* deals with the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower. Now—can any of your readers help me to establish or to dissipate my belief that at last we have seen the author of *King Lear* and *Hamlet* as he really was? For instance, does the picture represent Cervantes or some other famous writer?—CLIFFORD BAX, D2, Albany, W.1.

[There are around ten putative portraits of Shakespeare, but the only authenticated likeness is the Stratford bust, a photograph of which we give for comparison with Mr. Bax's extremely interesting portrait. The arguments for this being a portrait of him are inconclusive, like so much else relating to Shakespeare. We understand that a similar portrait is existent reputed to be a portrait of Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher. It is chronologically possible that an artist influenced by Rubens (to which school this work would seem to belong) could have painted Shakespeare, but none is known to have worked in England at that period, and it should be remembered that Shakespeare's pre-eminence as poet and dramatist did not begin to be generally accepted till the close of the seventeenth century. Such portraits of contemporary actors as exist are simply "likenesses"; not dramatic renderings such as this, apparently representing a poet inspired by heaven. The very curious connection of the picture with Lord Nithsdale, and the evidence that the inscription is of 18th-century date, as far as they have any bearing on the identity of the portrait, confirm that its resemblance to Shakespeare was noticed at that time when interest in his work was quickening, and the lack of a portrait answerable to his posthumous reputation was beginning to irk his admirers. On the face of it, apart from Mr. Bax's arguments, one would date the picture to the middle of the seventeenth century. But Mr. Bax's thesis cannot be positively disproved.—ED.]

# HENRY YEVELE: His Life and Work

By ARTHUR OSWALD

**T**HE belief that our cathedrals and abbeys were designed and built by "them old monks," as the local cicerone puts it, has been a long time dying. Ecclesiastics and politicians like William of Wykeham, Alan of Walsingham and Sir Reginald Bray are still credited with imposing architectural reputations in most of the text books. Why is it that we have been so slow to recognise who really was the mediæval architect, namely the master mason (aided, in works of carpentry, by the master carpenter)?

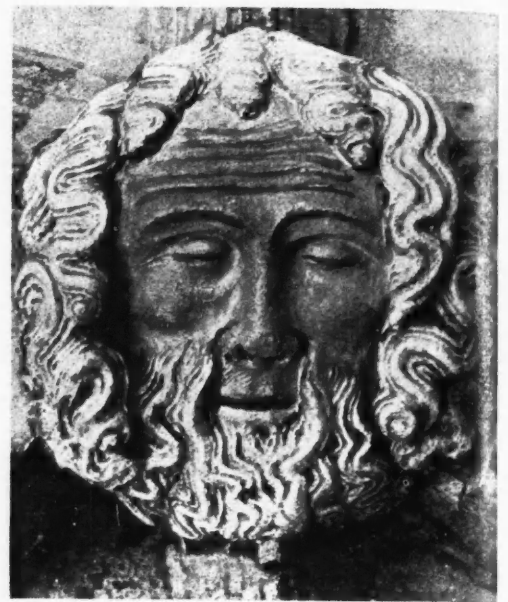
Doubtless, the old chroniclers are largely to blame by attributing to the patron or the administrator the honour which really belongs to the craftsman. This is an ancient form of snobbery which lasted well into the eighteenth century, when the talented dilettante still often took the whole credit for work done by a nameless shadow. No doubt, too, the fact that the term "architect" was scarcely ever used in the Middle Ages has confused the issue. Could a mere mason or carpenter be considered a designer? The answer is that the master mason and the master carpenter certainly were. In recent years a mass of evidence has been collected to prove that they were in the full sense of the word architects, and that they enjoyed an honourable social status, ranking with the minor gentry in the royal or ecclesiastical households.

At long last one of their number, one of the greatest of our mediæval architects, the head of his profession, the Wren of his age, and blessed like Wren with long life and opportunities of using his great gifts over many years, has been accorded a full-length biography, with numerous drawings and photographs to illus-

trate his works—*Henry Yevele*, by John H. Harvey (Batsford, 15s.). Though his name has long been known to mediæval enthusiasts, it probably conveys nothing to the general public or even to many lovers of Gothic architecture who pride themselves on a knowledge of the "Styles."

Yet, Henry Yevele in his day was a personality every whit as great as Geoffrey Chaucer, whom he must have known well, even intimately. Chaucer, a poet by preference but a civil servant by profession, was for a time Clerk of the Works during the long period when Yevele occupied the office of King's Master Mason, and in 1390 we find the poet paying the architect the arrears of his salary. How one wishes that Chaucer had included a master craftsman in his cavalcade of pilgrims. For Yevele on his professional business must often have ridden along the road to Canterbury; perhaps on occasion he and Chaucer may have travelled together, and together have passed through the fine new West Gate of Canterbury, which Yevele almost certainly designed.

Yevele was born probably late in Edward II's reign, and he lived to see Henry IV on the throne. Mr. Harvey gives reasons for thinking that Yeaveley in Derbyshire was the village from which he or his father originated, and so, at least, his name should be pronounced. Of his early years we know nothing, and it is only in 1356 that we first have definite record of him, when he was already one of the twelve leading masons in the City of London. Soon



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. CLOISTERS. BOSS IN EAST WALK: PERHAPS A PORTRAIT OF HENRY YEVELE

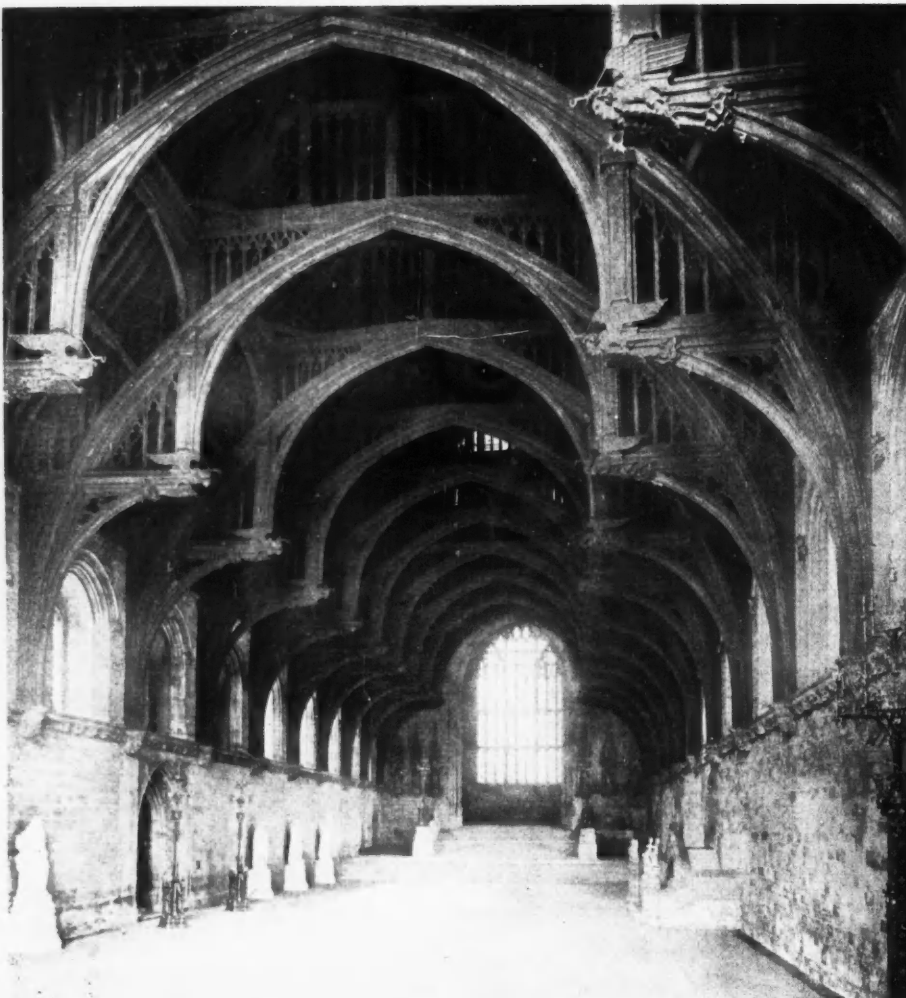
afterwards he was working for the Black Prince on his manor house at Kennington, and became his principal mason. By 1360 he had been granted the chief architectural office in the Kingdom, that of "disposer of the King's Works pertaining to the art of masonry in the Palace of Westminster and the Tower of London." This position, at first granted at pleasure, was afterwards confirmed to him for life, and for forty years he was the chief royal architect, responsible for all building work in the royal palaces and castles in the South of England.

Clearly he must already have designed many buildings of which we now have no record: Mr. Harvey suggests what some of these may have been. But official responsibilities did not preclude him from continuing in "private practice." A mediæval architect's activities were multifarious. Yevele is known to have designed castles, houses, bridges, city fortifications, churches, monuments; to have acted as a contractor supplying materials, as a quantity surveyor measuring buildings, and as the King's agent for impressing masons; to have had interests in the alabaster and marble businesses, and, in addition, to have shouldered civic duties. For many years he was one of the London Bridge Wardens, and he was, also for a time one of the two Common Councillors for Bridge Ward in the City.

Though much of Yevele's work has perished, a great deal remains, enough to make it comparatively easy to recognise his style, methods and favourite ornaments. In an interesting chapter on Yevele's antecedents Mr. Harvey shows that what is known as the Perpendicular style was really evolved by the King's Masons before the Black Death; all its distinguishing elements were already present in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, and the Chapter House of Old St. Paul's, the latter a work of William de Ramsey, one of the greatest of Yevele's predecessors. Mr. Harvey explains the portent of the choir at Gloucester, usually held to be the birthplace of "Perpendicular," by attributing it to Ramsey, lent by Edward III to the abbey which had sheltered his father's remains. This is indeed the only satisfactory explanation, for it has now been established, largely through Mr. Harvey's own researches, that the main current of architectural development flowed through and out of the Office of Works School with its headquarters at Westminster.

So Yevele did not inaugurate but brought to fruition the new style, rationalising and to some extent standardising it; one might also add, adapting it to the more stringent economic conditions prevailing after the Black Death.

In London Yevele's documented work includes the designing of the London Charter-



WESTMINSTER HALL, 1394. ARCHITECT, HENRY YEVELE: DESIGNER OF ROOF, HUGH HERLAND



house, founded by the famous knight, Sir Walter Manny; the south aisle and porch of St. Dunstan's in the East (for Lord Cobham), and the splendid tomb of John of Gaunt's Duchess Blanche in Old St. Paul's. All this has gone, but the last is figured in Hollar's engraving. For Lord Cobham he also designed Cowling Castle in the marshes near Gravesend, and, as Mr. Christopher Hussey pointed out in *COUNTRY LIFE* last February, he may well have been responsible for the College of Priests which Lord Cobham founded in the Kent village from which he took his name. Other work in Kent included repairs to Canterbury Castle, the Canterbury walls (and West Gate), and the construction of the stone bridge across the Medway at Rochester.

Mr. Harvey also attributes to Yevele the new and unusual design of Queenborough Castle, on a plan of two concentric circles, which later on, modified to meet the increased power of artillery, provided the model for Henry VIII's forts along our coasts. Bodiam and Saltwood Castles may also have been due to him. The suggestion that Yevele was responsible for the collegiate church at Arundel is less likely. The marred resemblance of much of its detail to that of Winchester College Chapel makes it more probable that its designer was William of Wykeham, Wykeham's master mason and the greatest of Yevele's contemporaries.

As King's Master Mason Yevele provided

the design for the rebuilding of Westminster Hall for Richard II, though its supreme glory, the wonderful roof, was due to Hugh Herland, the King's Master Carpenter. Meanwhile, he had done much work near by at the Abbey, where the Abbott's house, now part of the Deanery, is his, and (less certainly) the south and west walks of the cloister.

In addition to his royal appointment, he held the office of Master Mason to the Abbey for many years, and to him is due the design for the completion of the nave and west front, begun under him but not completed till long after his death. The result, "probably the happiest example in existence of the work of two periods formed into a perfect harmonious whole," is sufficient tribute to his genius, but in assessing that genius there are also the two glorious tombs in the Abbey—those of Edward III and Richard II—to be taken into account. Finally, as his greatest masterpiece, there is the nave of Canterbury Cathedral (where he was also Master Mason), which competes with the nave of Winchester (by his contemporary, Wynford) for the claim to be regarded as the finest Gothic interior in England. Yevele was responsible for much else, but enough has been said to give an idea of the greatness of his achievement. He died full of years, riches and honour, and Mr. Harvey introduces a lovely photograph of a portrait head from the Canterbury cloister, of an old man with his eyes closed in the sleep of death, which may well have

been carved by a pupil to commemorate his master.

Henry Yevele was but one of our mediæval architects, and the fact that a whole book can be devoted to him is evidence of the great strides made in recent years in the investigation from documents of the history of art and architecture. The author and his publishers are to be congratulated on their imagination and enterprise in presenting in such attractive form the results of long and patient research.

A work of a somewhat similar kind that has appeared at the same time is a handsomely produced volume on the monumental sculpture of York—*York Monuments*, by J. B. Morrell (Batsford, 3 guineas). The author, well known in York as an alderman and citizen keenly interested in the City's art treasures, has brought together a splendid collection of photographs of monuments in the Minster and churches of York, ranging from mediæval to modern times. It is hoped that this will be the first of a series of volumes on the arts and crafts of a city that was for centuries a flourishing quasi-independent artistic centre as well as the capital of a province. The emphasis here is on the works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But as a link with Henry Yevele the name is noted of one of his successors, William Colchester, who went from Westminster to York to be Master Mason of the Minster, where he designed St. William's shrine, fragments of which are to-day in the York Museum.

## IT'S THAT BALL AGAIN

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

SOME little while ago we read in our newspapers the view of the English Union that the time had come to restrict the length of the golf ball's flight. That was a timely and hopeful word and now has come another paragraph to the effect that representatives of the Royal and Ancient and the ball-makers have met in conference, but that they issued no statement as to their conclusions. Here I am in a quandary, for I may know a little of what passed, but a great ox has trodden on my tongue in this matter. I must not say the little I know; the very most I can say is that I still feel hopeful. At best any change must yet be some way off. The war is not over and assuredly nothing will be done till it is. Again, when it is over rubber will not come pouring down upon us like manna from heaven. It will be difficult to get golf balls for some time to come and the immediate necessity is to keep the game going with almost any sort of ball. Those who hoard golf balls and try to sell them for fantastic prices in the Agony Column of *The Times* (I sincerely hope nobody buys them) are but poor citizens of the golfing republic and will possibly and deservedly be disappointed some day to find that the balls have much deteriorated in keeping. To get those balls into circulation at a decent and not a black market price and to get as many old balls as possible re-covered is the point at the moment.

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And now to take a longer view and say something on the question of possible future restriction. I am conscious of having said a good deal about it before this and am a little afraid of being a bore; but it is, to my mind and to the minds of all who have the good of golf at heart, so vitally important that I will once more into the breach. I will begin with two categorical statements. One, which I suppose few will deny, is that the power of the ball must always be a governing factor of the game. The second, which is no doubt controversial, is that the ball has grown so powerful as to distort the game; golf has lost its balance and symmetry, and until the ball's power is reduced that balance will not be restored.

Next I should like to say a reassuring word about what the reformers want to do in order to attain that restoration. Some people credit them with the most sinister and wide-reaching intentions. They see them as black-vizarded conspirators plotting to make the world return to the gutty or play with balls of wood, such

as, I am told, have actually been produced in South Africa. This is all stuff and nonsense. Golf with the gutty was a very fine game but it is far too late to dream about it nowadays. I believe that the highest ambition of any practical reforming party is to reduce the power of the ball by ten per cent., and anybody knowing the length of his own shots can do a sum and see how much this is going to affect him.

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Even ten per cent.—and I am inclined to guess that something less than that will be achieved—would affect us all if the courses remained at their present length or were, as has been the modern trend, to be still further lengthened. But one intensely practical argument for restricting the ball is that courses could be reduced to a very appreciable extent. Golf is not played only by the young and lusty; it is played by thousands who are not so young as they were and find it hard work to walk round a course often measuring nearer 7,000 than 6,000 yards. If they could get the same fun and walk 400 or 500 yards less they would be grateful. Moreover, they would probably have to pay smaller subscriptions. The longer the course the more expensive must obviously be the upkeep, and we are not going to be so rich after the war that we shall want to pay more than we can help.

That, as I said, is a practical argument, the most practical possible, but there are others which deal rather with golf as a skilful and beautiful as well as a pleasurable game. There is one which is often used, and I have used it myself, to this effect: the best players hit so far that for them nearly every hole is reduced to the length of a drive followed by some shot with a lofted, generally a much lofted, iron; that the brassey has become atrophied and the long second shot up to the green has almost ceased to be. I am not going to use that argument again, first because at the moment I almost despair of seeing the champions having brassey shots up to the green, and secondly because if they did the great mass of players would not reach the greens in their seconds and so would be deprived of the most interesting and exacting stroke in the game. That all classes of players have to use the same course is one of the eternal and insuperable difficulties. Let us leave the champions alone then and try to have courses and balls such that the ordinary respectable player does get those fine second shots of which he has been largely deprived.

He does indeed get them now on some courses, but only on those where he has to walk almost inordinate distances. Nobody calling himself a golfer can think that golf is to be found at its best and most enjoyable where even a moderate driver can reach hole after hole with a drive and an iron. Yet that is what it has come to on many courses, and with the present ball the only remedy is in taking in more ground, adding length and yet more length, the one thing that we all want to avoid. Incidentally, I have been talking of two-shot holes, but it is worth remembering that with a restricted ball it would be possible to have a genuine three-shot hole even for long drivers, and that is an interesting hole which has almost disappeared from the game.

Of course there will be opposition to any restriction on the ball. From whom will it come? Chiefly, I think, from players of two types. There will be the poor player who will say that he finds it hard enough in all conscience to get round now and that if his shots are reduced he will never get round at all. A great deal of sympathy would be due to him, if courses were to remain at their present length, but that, as I have been trying to hammer in, is just what they would not do. With a shortened course he would find the game no more difficult in the playing and less tiresome in the walking. It is conceivable that certain carries from the tee, which now with the present ball have been just within his powers, would then be too much for him; but that could be easily remedied by the putting forward of those tees.

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He is not an essentially unreasonable or foolish person, but there is one who is and will likewise kick most vehemently. This is the man who thinks that the whole fun of golf lies in driving and suffers from an almost insane vanity about his own driving. From a particular tee he has once driven past a particular bush, and the thought that with a restricted ball he might never even reach that bush again is more than he can bear. If a ball were invented that would go much farther than the present one he would be all for it; he would care nothing for its effect on the game or the course; it would enable him to say that he had driven a certain number of yards and that would make him happy. He regards the pleasure of long driving—and it is a great pleasure—as a purely positive one. He cannot and will not understand that it is in reality a relative pleasure and that there was just as much sensual satisfaction in hitting a gutty, let us say, 200 yards as in hitting the

ball of to-day any number of yards you like to mention. Of this person and his outlook on the game I confess to despairing, and it seems to me that the game has simply got to be saved in spite of him, for he will never willingly give up the tiniest fraction of what he thinks is his own power but is really the power of the ball.

I assume in trembling hope that when the world has settled down again and when there is more rubber something will be done. If so what will it be? I know nothing of my own knowledge, but I gather that the general impression is that we shall adopt the American ball. As is well known, the present rule is:

"The weight of the ball shall not be greater than 1·62 ounces avoirdupois, and the size not less than 1·62 inches in diameter." The American ball is of the same weight but its diameter is 1·68 inches. Assuming that to be done there would be one obvious advantage, that of uniformity, which needs no emphasizing. As to its effect on the game it would hardly, I fancy, satisfy the more ardent reformers, but it would be much better than none at all. I doubt whether it would effect the whole of that ten per cent. reduction but it would reduce the length of the shot. Down wind or in still weather, from what I am told and from my own limited

experience, the American ball goes nearly as far as ours; against the wind there is a very perceptible reduction. One thing is worth saying yet again, because so many people do not appreciate it, namely, that a ball larger even to this slight extent is easier to pick up. Those who now deem the brassey the most treacherous and elusive of clubs would find it decidedly more amenable with a larger ball to hit. If they had more brassey shots to play they would at least play them better and play them more confidently, which is half the battle. And so good-bye to the ball for a while till happier days come back.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A WHITE RAINBOW

SIR,—On New Year's Day at three o'clock in the afternoon we had a distinct and continuous white rainbow in the eastern sky. There was some thin cloud and the sun was shining clearly, but the arc was more definitely and brilliantly illuminated. Size, shape and position were the same as in an ordinary rainbow, but there was no colour.

A farm labourer, cutting a hedge on top of the hill, asked me if I had seen it: so that it was not a personal hallucination. Perhaps the meteorologists can explain. But it might have been an omen for this *annus mirabilis*. —JAMES THORPE, Dean Prior, Buckfastleigh, South Devon.

### STEERING TO THE RIGHT

SIR,—Your contributor, Major C. S. Jarvis, has discovered that when driving a car in fog he unconsciously steered towards the right, and he suggests that the reason why he could not keep a straight course is that he is right-handed. He also wonders whether a left-handed person, in like straits, would drive straight into the left-hand ditch. Another explanation for this dexter divergence is that in cars with a right-hand drive visibility is better on the right than on the left and so one naturally veers to the right, but this is obviously not the reason why trappers and lumbermen lost in dense Canadian woods always walk in a right-handed circle.

As I understand it right-handedness or left-handedness has nothing to do with this inability to maintain a straight course in the conditions mentioned. If Major Jarvis cares to consult some of his more scientific friends he will find that it is the rotation of the earth which is responsible for this right-handed divergence—in the Northern Hemisphere.

In the Southern Hemisphere the

unconscious divergence is to the left, and the extraordinary thing is that it does not matter whether one walks north to south, east to west or *vice versa*. Presumably the only way to keep to a straight course would be to walk along the Equator!

Do any of your readers know whether, or not, migrating animals or birds can maintain a straight course in fog, dense woods or sand storms, or do they wait, when possible, for better visibility?—F. R. BROWN, 1, Farington Street, Dundee.

### SIR JONAS MOORE'S CLOCK

SIR,—I have just been reading the articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* by R. W. Symonds on Thomas Tompion.

I note that the author states that the whereabouts of the second of Sir Jonas Moore's observatory clocks with 120 minute velvet dial is unknown.

This clock is to be found in the Earl of Leicester's Estate Office at Holkham, near Wells-next-the-Sea, Norfolk, where it is still going and keeping excellent time.—P. V. WINTERTON, Norwich, Norfolk.

### SIR HENRY HERBERT

SIR,—The passing allusion by Mr. Hussey in his article in your issue of January 19 to Sir Henry Herbert, as at one time owner of Ribbesford House, Bewdley, might be considerably expanded. I send a photograph of Dobson's portrait of him at Powis Castle painted in 1639. He would deserve remembrance if only as the younger brother of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and George Herbert, but his appointment as Master of the Revels by James I in 1623, when he was knighted, gives him a certain niche in theatrical history. The appointment, which he held till 1642, is somewhat confused by its having been apparently shared at first with three other persons, one of them Ben Jonson. His register is now lost, but it is evident from the extracts printed by Malone in 1799 that he took his duties very seriously, claiming the right to license every kind of entertainment throughout the country, including exhibitions of elephants, beavers, and dromedaries, and the public performances of quack doctors. He attempted to assert control over public recreations, such as billiards and ninepins and contrived also to license certain books, among them Cowley's first publication, and Donne's *Paradoxes*—which he had to defend before the Star Chamber Court.

But his main responsibility lay in the licensing of plays, now that of the Lord Chamberlain's department.

He received a fee—£2 for every new play performed, £1 for a "revival"—and exacted the perpetual reservation of a box for his use at every theatre. He conscientiously read all plays submitted, being very careful to cut out all blasphemous language. In 1634 Charles I interposed to allow the retention of certain harmless asseverations—e.g. "faith," "death"—in Davenant's *The Wits*.

Though a zealous Royalist and, according to his brother Edward, a duellist of dexterity and courage, he seems not to have taken an active part in the Civil War but to have remained at Ribbesford, which he had bought in 1627 for £3,000, with the help of a well-endowed wife. At the Restoration he resumed his licensing duties, but failed repeatedly to enforce his former jurisdictions and fees, losing more than he received in a series of lawsuits against Davenant, Killigrew, Betterton, and other managers, eventually being glad to lease his office to two deputies (who soon begged him to release them). He died in 1673, his son being created Lord Herbert of Cherbury by William III. —WINIFRED HERBERT, *Cumberland Mansions, W.I.*

### KING GEORGE III'S JUBILEE TEA-SET

SIR,—Before you close the correspondence on George III's Jubilee tea-set, you may consider the following ditty of sufficient interest for your readers to see.

Several years ago, while inspecting the art treasures at Burghley House "by Stamford town," a friend and I eventually found the portrait for which we were searching, that of an ancestor of his, Dr. Willis, physician to King George III, and I was afterwards given a copy of these amusing lines, which I had not seen previously, and have not seen elsewhere since:—

The King employs three doctors daily.

Willis, Heberden, and Baillie.

All extremely clever men,

Baillie, Willis, Heberden.

But doubtful which most sure to kill is

Baillie, Heberden, or Willis.

—EDWARD P. DAY, *Peterborough, Northamptonshire.*

### THE BEARING AGE OF WALNUTS

SIR,—It is sad to learn that Major Jarvis's optimism when planting a walnut tree 20 years ago, as he recounts in *A Countryman's Notes* recently, was misplaced.

I planted two walnut trees some 18 years ago at the place on the Kentish coast where I was then living. My "gardiner" of those days was a pensioner of the Port of London Authority and his knowledge of ships' cargoes was, I think, greater than that of arboriculture. When we had



A YOUNG WALNUT WHICH HAS ALREADY BORNE NUTS FOR SEVERAL YEARS

See letter: *The Bearing Age of Walnuts*

finished the planting he turned to me with the remark: "Well, governor, they always says as 'ow the man what plants a walnut tree never lives to gather the fru-it." Both he and I survived to gather nuts from the trees some seven years later and the yield has increased each succeeding year.

When I acquired this estate I also became possessed of what is reputed to be the oldest walnut tree in the county. Now alas! it is but a shadow of what it must have been in its prime, but it still produces its quota of fruit and the great hollow trunk makes a perfect home for the cream owl which each year raises a brood within its shelter.

Feeling that there ought to be another tree arising to take the place of the veteran when great old age finally asserts itself, I planted a young standard and from 1940 onwards I have gathered nuts each year. —ROBERT H. GOODSALL, *Stedehill, Harrietsham, Maidstone, Kent.*

### AN INTEREST IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT

SIR,—Being interested in Local Government as it affects my home town, I read your recent Editorial note on this subject with approval. You remark on the small amount of interest displayed by citizens in the work of their Councils, which I heartily endorse. I attend every Council meeting I can, and am usually the only occupant of the public gallery. Many people do not appear to know that they are entitled to attend, and as most Councils are, I believe, held in the morning it may be difficult for some to do so, but if they made the effort once a month they would be fully repaid. Reading an account of the proceedings in the local Press is not the same thing, and I doubt if many trouble even to do that, though they are usually ready enough to complain at "impositions" placed upon them by their councillors. If a good number of both sexes attended regularly and then formed a discussion group or debating society in which the transactions of the Council were talked over in a friendly spirit, citizens would become more helpful to their towns and take a more intelligent interest in local elections.

My copy of *COUNTRY LIFE* goes



THE MASTER OF THE REVELS, 1623-42

See letter: *Sir Henry Herbert*





**JOHN RATTLEBONE'S  
STATUE**

See letter: On Sherston Church, Wiltshire

the sound of War Correspondents in Italy when I have finished with it.—S. MACQUOID, *Marlborough Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.*

### REIGATE PRIORY IN DANGER

SIR,—I am sure that many will be sorry to hear that the fate of Reigate Priory, with its lovely Georgian house and sixty acres of beautiful park land and lake, is in the balance. The estate has been sold to an assurance company for building development after the war and plans have already been submitted.

We have already in Reigate lost much of our beauty, the old White Hart gone as well as the Swan, and in addition the lovely chemist's shop of Moram's near the Swan. A few residents (far too few) have tried and are still trying to save the park as an open space which the town so badly needs, while the mansion itself could be used for many things in the hands of progressive people. Professor Richardson, R.A., has himself been here and spoken for us, and we hope yet to persuade the Council of its value as a thing of beauty.

Just after the last war the Somerset family offered most of Reigate for sale and it could have been purchased by the Corporation had they so wished. The lovely Wren house, The Barons, also could have been acquired by the town. Fortunately, it has been bought by a local firm who are taking very good care of it.

It is hoped, particularly as the town has suffered such very heavy losses of distinguished buildings already, that public opinion will per-

suaude the Reigate Corporation to buy Reigate Priory, that lovely park and house, for which so many uses can be found.—FRANK H. POTTER, *Mayfield, Raglan Road, Reigate, Surrey.*

[Reigate Priory lies immediately south of the little town at the foot of the North Downs. The intersection in the town of the London-Brighton and main east-west roads has already threatened the removal of the old market hall in the main street. The Priory, dating from the thirteenth century, was remodelled by Lord William Howard c. 1540 and more extensively about 1766 by George Ireland. The principal contents are a magnificent chimney-piece designed by Holbein for Queen Anne of Cleves's manor at Bletchingley, and a painted staircase ascribed to Verrio. It is one of the notable houses of Surrey, and its demolition would be both short-sighted and a national loss.—ED.]

### ON SHERSTON CHURCH, WILTSHIRE

SIR,—There is a great curiosity on the south wall of the church porch at Sherston, Wiltshire. It is a three-foot-high figure carved in stone of a famous man—John Rattlebone—who is supposed to have fought against the Danes in 1016 to save Sherston.

There is a local song:—  
Fight well, Rattlebone,  
Thou shalt have Sherston.

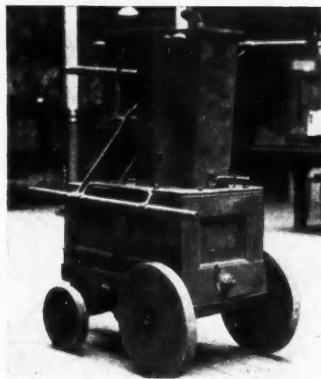
When John asks:—

What shall I with Sherston do  
Save with all that belongs thereto?

The reply is:—

Thou shalt have Wych and Wellesley,  
Easton town and Pinkeney.

—A. MANFIELD, *Merrybent, Low Coniscliffe, County Durham.*



**AN ANCIENT FIRE ENGINE  
FROM BEWDLEY**

See letter: A Bewdley Survival

### HOW A DOG SITS

SIR,—With reference to the letter *How a Dog Sits* in your issue of December 22, I enclose a photograph of my chow, Orange Pekoe, who always sat, when possible, "like a human being." I have had a great many dogs, including a number of chows, but he is the only one that I have known to sit in this manner.—HELEN KIRK-GREENE, *Moseley, Birmingham 13.*



**ORANGE PEKOE TAKES HIS  
SEAT**

See letter: How a Dog Sits

Sikkimese. There was, at the time, no snow, but we kept a sharp look-out for any evidence of the monster. On Sunday, September 3, we were descending from Sedongchen towards Rangli, on the Indo-Sikkim border, and were enveloped in thick cloud most of the way. Suddenly the cloud broke and there, close at hand, was the "Abominable Snowman" himself! I took a photograph of this remarkable tree (for such it proved to be) and submit this herewith in the hope that it may prove of interest and amusement to your readers.—L. E. C. M. PEROWNE (Brigadier), *H.Q. 23rd British Infantry Brigade, India Command.*

### THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

See letter: A Terror of the Mountains

### A BEWDLEY SURVIVAL

SIR,—Your articles on the charming old town of Bewdley suggest that you may like to publish this photograph of another ancient fire engine, which belongs to the borough. The date is believed to be about 1755, and its capacity is not great. In the museum at Tickenhill, Bewdley, is another fire engine from Stafford, dated 1744.—M. W., *Hereford.*

### A TERROR OF THE MOUNTAINS

SIR,—Some years ago considerable interest was aroused in the English Press over the alleged discovery, on the borders of Sikkim and Tibet, of giant footprints in the snow. The length of stride and size of the prints corresponded to no known animal and the local inhabitants were reported to have a legend of the giant "Abominable Snowman" whose marks these undoubtedly were.

I was on trek in Sikkim and Tibet last September and raised the question with many of the local inhabitants. The Tibetans were apt to scoff and attributed the legend to the

### HOW TO MAKE A DUCK- SHOOT

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. J. Wentworth Day's article in your issue of December 29 *How to Make a Duck-shoot*. He will probably remember that some years prior to the present war, the writer was able to establish a duck-decoy and trout pool on the Mersea Island Golf Course, from a pond which had been constructed out of some soggy marshland on the course, very similar to what Mr. Wentworth Day describes in his article, for the purpose of watering the greens in summertime.

I had the same trouble that he mentions about the Canadian blanket-weed, and in the early days I planted water-starwort, and stocked the pool with fresh-water shrimps and water-snails. I was interested to note that Mr. Wentworth Day did not mention water-starwort, which is such a useful feed for duck and a harbourer of the fresh-water shrimp and water-snail for trout.

Unfortunately, there was not a suitable patch in which to sow buckwheat, mixed corn and beans.

In the final paragraph of Mr. Wentworth Day's article, he mentions



**REIGATE PRIORY, THE GARDEN FRONT AND THE PAINTED GRAND STAIRCASE**

See letter: Reigate Priory in Danger

an infallible remedy for keeping away foxes from duck, pheasant, partridge, etc., nests, by hanging small glass bottles filled with animal oil, hung by the neck, uncorked, on a string from a bent or slanting stick, over the nest. In spite of many enquiries, I have failed to find out what animal oil really is. I wonder if Mr. Wentworth Day would be good enough to inform us, as I am quite sure that it would be of considerable interest to many readers of his article.—**CECIL FOWLER (Major), Greystones, Blyth Workop, Nottinghamshire.**

### THE BRIDAL BARN AT FILKINS

SIR.—Owing to war-time conditions, my copies of COUNTRY LIFE are very old before I have the opportunity of reading them. Nevertheless, it was most interesting to read the article on the village of Filkins by Christopher Hussey in the issue dated April 28, 1944. I have been most fascinated by the development of this Cotswold village, mainly because it was the home of my father for many years.

I would point out that the illustration of the "Bridal Barn" is incorrect. The barn shown is really a barn in a large farm-yard while the correct Bridal Barn "in which the villagers had the right to flail their corn" is adjacent to the main road through the village and is situated

on the way to Waterloo and Quatre Bras.—**A. D. C. Le SUEUR, Hawkhurst, Kent.**

### THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY

SIR.—On August 25 last year I found a Camberwell Beauty sitting on a piece of honey-comb in this garden. It took honey off my finger and I carried it into the house. After it had been admired by my family I set it free.

Its appearance was duly reported to the *Eastern Daily Press* with a short account of its life history in England.

A reader wrote to say that I was mistaken in asserting that the caterpillar had never been found in England. Mr. Frohawk will, I am sure, forgive me for having quoted him as my authority for stating that there was no authenticated record of the caterpillar ever having been found in England in a wild state.—**ROGER F. KERRISON, Burgh Hall, Aylsham, Norfolk.**

### SPIRAL STAIRCASES OF OLD FRANCE

SIR.—The recent illustrations and notes in COUNTRY LIFE on spiral staircases, are reminders of some interesting and beautiful examples to be seen in France where some of the most striking features in domestic architecture are the staircases *en escargot*, which are found in some of the châteaux and feudal buildings in Touraine and elsewhere.

walls and ceilings of Nero's Golden House in Rome.

An important detail of these spiral staircases is the steep twist of the steps round the newel post. Did the mediæval architects who planned them study the shells of the luscious dishes of snails, that, so carefully prepared, graced their dinner tables?

Another notable staircase is the external one at the royal château at Blois, reached from the Grand Cour; it is supposed that Leonardo da Vinci designed it. Engineer as much as artist he was, but such a masterpiece must have taxed even his ingenuity, so elaborate is the intricacy of the plan.

Leonardo is known to have spent much time at Blois, a favourite of the court of François Premier, who persuaded him to stay on in France until his death at Amboise not far from Blois.

Even more famous still is the *escargot* at Chambord, the glorious château where Renaissance ornament is seen at its best and most elaborate.



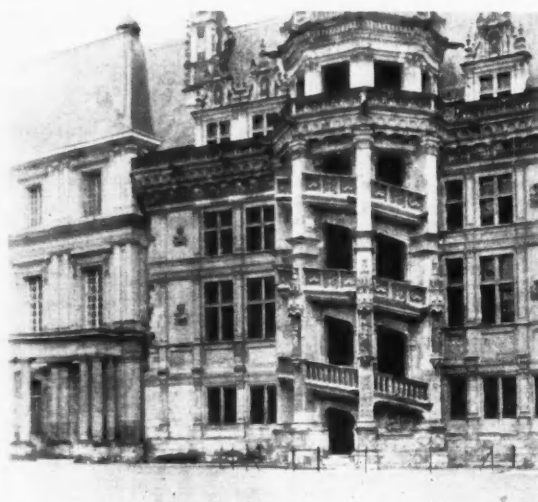
NEAR HELMOND, BRABANT

See letter: The Windmills of Holland

### THE WINDMILLS OF HOLLAND

SIR.—I wonder whether the following odd points in connection with the windmills of Holland would be of interest to your readers.

In this country, as also in Belgium, nearly every village has its mill and together with the clog-maker and the village carpenter it continues



SPIRAL STAIRCASE AT THE CHATEAU OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. (Middle) STAIRCASE AT BLOIS DESIGNED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI. (Right) ESCALIER EN ESCARGOT, CHATEAUDUN

See letter: Spiral Staircases of Old France

about 100 yds. farther north than the barn shown in your photograph. The true Bridal Barn is opposite a large elm tree known locally as the Cross Tree, but the origin of that name is not known.—**JOHN H. FLUX, Edgbaston, Birmingham 16.**

### A ROADSIDE AVENUE

SIR.—I enclose a photograph showing an unusually successful use for beech as a roadside avenue. The trees extend for over a mile. The right side is reserved for pedestrians, the left for cyclists. The road is outside Brussels



A SUCCESSFUL USE OF BEECH TREES IN BELGIUM

See letter: A Roadside Avenue

Châteaudun, between Blois and Chartres, a grim fortress built by Hugo Dunois in the eleventh century, was much in the news a short time ago. It is to be hoped that the château has escaped damage, for there is much of interest there. The imposing winding staircase was of plain stone unadorned until, in the sixteenth century, the castle came into the possession of the de Longueville family to which the famous Duchesse de la Fronde belonged. The de Longuevilles altered and embellished the fortress castle, adding the lovely façade to be seen to-day. The garden lamented always that so few came to see Châteaudun. "Everyone hurries on to Touraine" was his complaint.

The feudal, bare *escalier en escargot* was ornamented by the de Longuevilles with the wealth of flowery designs seen in my photograph. Every scroll and arabesque, flying Cupid and acanthus leaf is familiar to those who know the wonderful frescoes of the Loggia di Raffaele at the Vatican, copied by Raffaele from the stucco decoration on the

Built by François I, fresh from Italy in 1564, Chambord is almost overwhelming in the wealth of its beauty in stone. The staircase is so planned that those ascending and descending could walk eight abreast, each party invisible to the other. Mercifully, Maurice de Saxe, a soldier who cared nothing for the beauties of architecture, left the staircase undamaged after his occupation of Chambord.

Different from the other examples of *escaliers en escargot* is the notable one in the feudal château of La Rochefoucauld in the Charente, home of the François of that family whose marriage to Anne de Pignac was a true love story. Their initials, interlaced, decorate fountain and balustrade, lead waterpipes and stone frieze, in memory of their love.

Unlike the stairways at Châteaudun and Blois with their ornate sculpture, here at La Rochefoucauld there is only a severe, but effective design in the form of lozenges; it suits well the upward sweep of the steps which lose themselves in the shadows above. The château is deserted and desolate; the family of Rochefoucauld of whom came the famous author of the *Maximes* and many another of note, can no longer keep up the family house, and more's the pity!—**DOROTHY HAMILTON DEAN, Buckfastleigh, South Devon.**

to play its vital part in the existence of an intensely agricultural community.

Dutch windmills are for the most part of the tower variety, working three pairs of stones. The sails are sails in the strict sense of the word. They consist of curved wooden frames over which a canvas sailcloth is stretched. In a medium wind only two sails need be set and in a high wind, owing to the curved nature of the main spars, no sail need be set at all.

The mills themselves are built on artificial mounds about twelve feet in height. These not only allow full use of the wind to be made but also provide storage space in the foundations of the building.

The method of bringing the heel into the wind is a slow business. A winch is attached to the tail post from which a chain goes to a circle of pegs driven into the ground round the foot of the mill. By winding against these pegs and periodically lifting the chain and putting it on the next peg along the sails are maintained at right angles to the wind.

Owing to the enemy making use of windmills as O.P.s many have unfortunately been destroyed, the only feature of this desolate countryside thereby disappearing!—**R. N. GILBEY, Lt., 15/19th K.R.H., B.L.A.**





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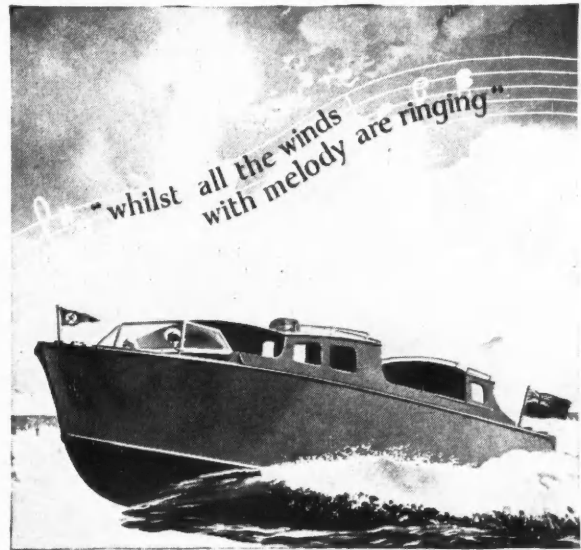


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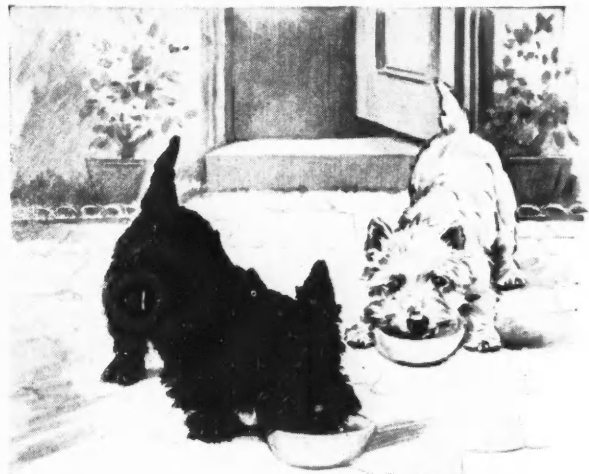
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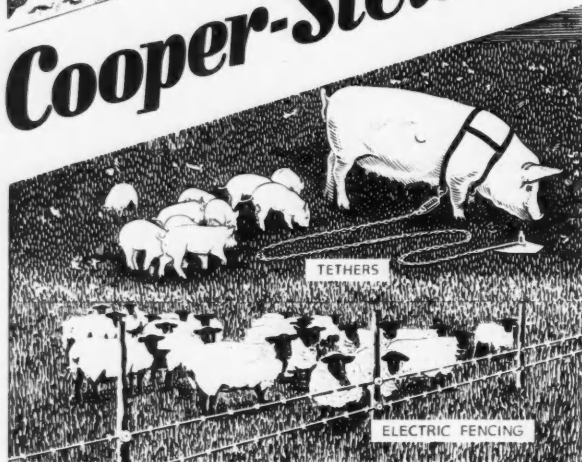


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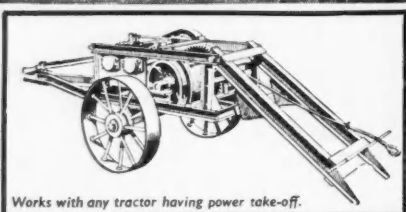
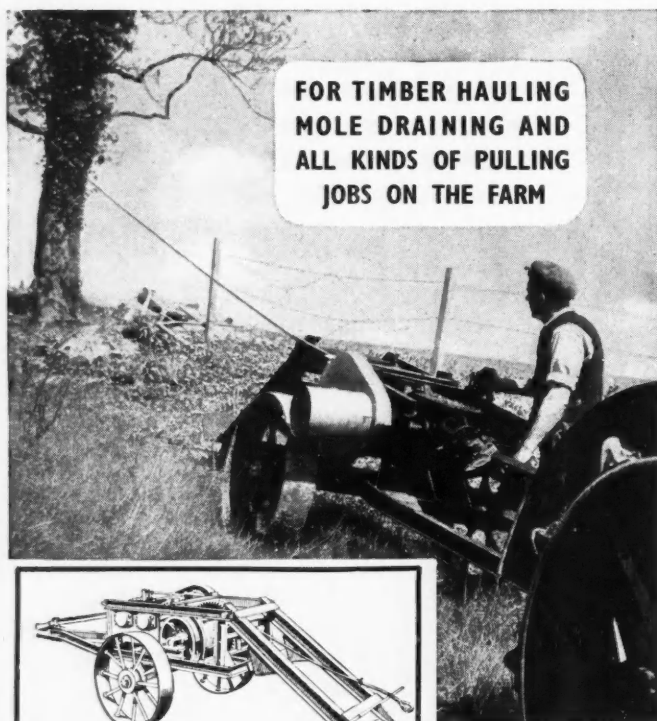


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## FARMING NOTES

## HORNS OR NO HORNS?

**A** SPIRITED discussion on the advantages of hornless dairy cows was started by a proposal made by Mr. R. L. Forrest at the annual meeting of the Ayrshire Cattle Herd Book Society. His motion was that "with a view to increasing the general utility of the Ayrshire breed of cattle, the Society consider where advantageous the de-horning of calves at birth and that no discrimination be made against them in the show ring." This was the right place for the controversy to be discussed because the Ayrshire cow is endowed by nature with sharp horns and some would say a quarrelsome disposition.

## Cows in Yards

**M**R. FORREST, who farms at Greenlaw in Berwickshire, spoke of the practice of keeping dairy cows in yards which has caught on in the East of Scotland, as well as in many parts of England. The cows lie in a yard through the winter handy to the milking shed, which, on a good many farms now, is equipped as a milking parlour. That is to say the cows enter in turn, are cleaned up and then take their place at the milking machine. Where cattle are kept for the night in yards like this they are of course much more liable to scrap with one another, using their horns as provocative or defensive weapons, than if they were at large in a pasture. Mr. Forrest mentioned in support of his case that the Red Poll was gaining ground in some Scottish districts because it is a hornless breed, and not, in his view, because Red Polls are suited to the climate.

## De-horning Calves

**A**S Colonel Houldsworth, one of the leading Ayrshire breeders, pointed out, there is no rule of the Society prohibiting members from de-horning their calves, but in his experience the loss from having horned animals was infinitesimal. Mr. A. W. Montgomerie, who has long been interested in this question, said that twenty years ago or more he advertised that he would de-horn all his calves at birth and it cost him over £2,000. He went on to say that he was quite prepared to do it now if 60 per cent. of the members of the Society would sign a form binding themselves to do so too.

## Loss of Breed Character

**A**NOTHER breeder who has had much success in the show ring, Mr. Alexander Cochrane, held that de-horning would take away the character from the Ayrshire breed. He has a herd of about 300 head and the losses from horning are practically nil. So there was a clear division of opinion among the pedigree men about the advantages of de-horning. There is not anything like the same division among commercial dairy farmers who keep Ayrshires, or who would like to keep Ayrshires because they are good milk-producing cows. If a breeder is interested in the pedigree market and the possibility of exhibiting at agricultural shows, then, as matters stand, he must let horns grow on his Ayrshires. If he is keeping them simply as milk producers then he would do well to de-horn all calves at birth.

## In Canada and the U.S.A.

**I**T is more usual to see hornless dairy cows in Canada and the United States than here. Most of their beef cattle are also hornless. It is a simple matter to stop horns growing by rubbing the horn points with caustic potash when the calf is a few days old. There are some herds of hornless Shorthorns, which sounds rather a contradiction in terms, breeding true to the polled type in America. Occasionally a calf is born that grows scur

horns, but the majority grow to maturity without horns appearing at all. In the Chicago stock-yards most of the cattle are hornless. The usual practice in the Western ranges where large numbers of Herefords are bred is to de-horn the calves. This is not always done with the heifer calves, because breeders rather like their cows to have horns so that they can protect their young in some of the rough range country. But it seems to be generally agreed over there that hornless cattle do better than horned cattle in the majority of cases when it comes to the feeding stage.

## £1 a Head More

**H**ERE we have our Aberdeen Angus which is polled, and this breed, with the Galloway and the crosses from these two breeds, provide a large number of the feeding cattle that are in close quarters during the winter. The Hereford, the Shorthorn and the Devon still carry their horns and very few breeders practise de-horning these calves at birth. A buyer of feeding cattle in the Midlands tells me that he is always prepared to pay an extra pound a head for stores if they are hornless. This particular man has a shrewd business head and he would not invest an extra pound in every store animal unless he thought he would get this premium back with interest.

## Educational Meetings

**T**HE enthusiasm which farmers in some districts are showing for educational meetings is most heartening. I am afraid that a good many N.F.U. branch meetings still draw a poor attendance. I went to my own branch the other evening, and there were only seven of us in the room out of a membership of 320. A few evenings later I went to a meeting arranged by the local Young Farmers' Club in conjunction with the Farmers' Discussion Group and there were nearly 200 in the room, more than half of them over the qualifying age for membership of a Young Farmers' Club. They had a good speaker talking about the kind of equipment and layout we shall want for our farms after the war. He spoke for, I suppose, about forty minutes, and then when questions were invited there was plenty of life in the meeting for another three-quarters of an hour. The chairman, a young farmer, kept closely to a pre-arranged time-table which allowed the meeting 1½ hours altogether, and he closed down almost to the minute. The enthusiastic thanks which these farmers and young farmers gave the speaker and indeed their presence on a foggy evening, some of them travelling fifteen miles or more, showed that there is a keen appetite in the country for gatherings of this kind.

## "Farm Walks"

**D**URING the war years we have all learned to exchange ideas. The War Agricultural Committees through their Technical Development Sub-committees have done much to break down barriers between farmers in the same district. They may have known each other well enough at market, but they never exchanged farm visits. The "Farm Walks" arranged by the Committees in the last two or three Summers have opened the eyes of a good many of us to what our neighbours are doing, and we have found them much more interesting people than we thought before. The exchange of ideas started on the farms in Summer is now being carried into meetings held in Winter. Meetings of this kind have the blessing of the War Agricultural Committees. Indeed, if this were not so, farmers could not properly use their cars to attend. CINCINNATUS.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

## SALE OF ANOTHER KENTISH CASTLE

**H**ADLOW CASTLE, four miles from Tonbridge, Kent, has been sold with 550 acres, to an investor, for whom Messrs. Whatley, Hill and Co. acted. The vendor, Mr. H. Gaudern Pearson, was represented by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who only a few weeks ago, with another firm, effected the sale of Chilham Castle, near Canterbury. Agriculturally the property is important, for there are four farms and 25 cottages, with 220 acres of orchards and 30 acres of hop-gardens.

## THE HISTORY OF HADLOW

**T**HE records of the manor of Hadlow are well authenticated for many centuries, and endow it with a considerable measure of historical interest. Of the Norman bishops a contemporary writer, Edmer, said "most of them were rather wolves than shepherds." Certainly the appetite of Odo, best known as Bishop of Bayeux, for English land was insatiable. Among the hundreds of manors that he appropriated was that of Hadlow, near Tonbridge. In the course of time it became Church property, and towards the end of the long reign of Henry III the Archbishop of Canterbury granted Hadlow to the Earl of Gloucester. By marriage and in other ways the manor passed into the possession of the Earls of Stafford and Dukes of Buckingham. Upon the execution for high treason of Edward Duke of Buckingham in the reign of Henry VIII Hadlow manor was forfeited to the Crown. Sir Henry Guildford enjoyed the use of the manor for eight years, and it again reverted to the Crown. Edward VI granted it to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, who soon exchanged it for other land. The Crown finally parted with Hadlow by Queen Elizabeth's gift of it to Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon.

Hasted's *History of Kent* enumerates subsequent sales of the manor. The present Castle was described by a writer in the year 1838 as "an extensive pile of Gothic architecture, floridly decorated, with an interior richly embellished." Apparently the passion for Gothic of the florid order still actuated the owner of the Castle in that year, for a contemporary lithograph shows "The projected tower" rising centrally to a great height, and an incredible profusion of pinnacles, arches, battlemented walls and other ornaments.

## A 1944 REVIEW

**B**USINESS in real property at Harrods Estate Offices in 1944 was extremely brisk, but it automatically divided itself into two or three well-marked sections, owing to causes that were essentially independent of considerations relating to property itself.

Mr. Frank D. James, the professional head of the Brompton Road offices, in an informative review of conditions says: At the outset there was a carry-over of work from the not unsatisfactory closing months of 1943, when London property was showing a decided return to favour; then came the worry and dislocation arising from the flying-bomb bombardment of all that area comprehensively called in the official announcements Southern England. In time that menace was stopped by the over-running of the Channel ports, and business had hardly begun to get back to its old form when rocket-bombing began. Again parts of Southern England suffered, and the demand for accommodation fell off

in all the affected areas. Other wartime experiences, however, also exerted a retarding influence on the market. The closing of wide districts of coastal country to the public made it anything but easy to deal with residential and business properties, though, fortunately, farms were not much affected. In the eastern and south-western counties some satisfactory transactions were effected through Harrods Estate Offices, the requirements of buyers being mostly for holdings the possession of which could be had at once or at an early date. Prices in this section showed a uniformly improving tendency.

## INVESTMENT OR RESIDENCE DEMAND

**I**RRESPECTIVE of war influences the enquiry for ground rents and urban premises continued pretty evenly throughout the year, as attested by certain sales, on behalf of executors and others, and rent restrictions—which it is hoped may shortly be modified—made little difference to the investment demand for the small types of property. Uncertainty as to the period during which requisitioning of many houses and other buildings will go on, and the ultimate terms of settlement, have proved a handicap to dealings, and this persists at the moment. Some compensation for the enforced inactivity in Southern England and elsewhere has been found in an intensified interest in good-class residential properties in the Midlands and West of England, in which districts Harrods Estate Offices have successfully negotiated some important sales and some very large purchases for clients.

London flats have never been in better request, though in extremely short supply, and there are encouraging signs of a renewal of enquiry for houses in favourite central and suburban areas, particularly for freeholds and long leaseholds. The course of this movement depends, however, very much on the eventual decisions as to replanning and reconstruction, and some districts are evidently changing from the fashionable and exclusively residential to high-class commercial and professional use. This trend is particularly noticeable in transactions which have taken place in the West End of London during recent months.

Despite the delays and complications and excessive amount of clerical labour involved by the new regulations regarding the auction of furniture and works of art, business on this side of the offices has been fully maintained, and very satisfactory prices have been realised, with crowded salerooms, especially when the sales have been held in clients' own houses in London and the country. The outlook in all sections is full of promise.

## HORNE PARK ESTATE: DEVELOPMENT PROJECT

**T**HE northern portion of Horne Park estate, in the neighbourhood of Newchapel Corner, having been sold, and an option to acquire the rest of the estate, which extends down to the main road between Three Bridges and Lingfield, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Marten and Carnaby have cancelled the auction which they were to have held by order of Mr. T. Dunwoody. Ministerial sanction is being sought to develop the property as a self-contained township, with a golf course and facilities for private flying, with a view to ultimate development as a civil airport. The estate of 730 acres was to have been offered as a whole or in lots.

ARBITER.



Drawn by Eric Kennington.

**O**SWALD CARTER was born at Winsford, Cheshire, 66 years ago. His family have been connected with the Cheshire salt industry for a hundred years and Mr. Carter joined his father in a salt works at the age of fourteen. This industry depends on underground water which runs over and dissolves the rock salt which lies far underground. The "brine" from these subterranean reservoirs is pumped up, and heated to evaporate the water leaving the salt behind. When Mr. Carter started work, evaporating was done in "open pans" — big iron tanks — heated by coal fires, but in 1906 a plant called a triple-effect vacuum evaporator was built. This evaporates the water from the brine by heating with steam and carrying out the process under a partial vacuum. The result is purer salt and a very considerable saving of fuel. When the plant was being built Mr. Carter was employed as a labourer: today he is the charge-hand controlling the plant he helped to erect 38 years ago. His is a job requiring care and experience. Mr. Carter has to keep three evaporators "in step" with each other, control the brine levels in the plant and watch for air leaks, which affect the amount of vacuum and indirectly the amount of coal consumed. To do this Mr. Carter has to watch no fewer than twelve gauges of various kinds and attend to the smooth working of seven pumps. The plant has a daily production of 300 tons of salt with a purity of 99.95%. This is prepared not only as table salt, with which we are all familiar, but also as salt in other forms for use in agriculture and industries such as soap-making, explosives and light alloys. Evidence that Mr. Carter has not weakened the century-old link between his family and the salt industry is found in the fact that employed with him in the same works are seven sons, one daughter, two grandsons and eleven nephews and nieces — a record it would be hard to equal in any sphere of British Industry!





"So fair,  
She takes the breath of men away  
Who gaze upon her unaware."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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### NEW BOOKS

## TRAGEDY OF THE HIGHLANDS

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

**M**R. RICHARD PERRY spent some years helping farmers in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland to herd their sheep, and he records his experiences in *I Went a'Shepherding* (Lindsay Drummond, 12s. 6d.). All that he has to say must be considered in relation to one fundamental observation: that sheep-farming in this part of Britain is "unnatural" and that sheep should never have been introduced there.

Mr. Perry's views on this matter have a bearing on Mr. Richard St Barbe Baker's views on forestry, expressed in his book *I Planted Trees*, which was reviewed here recently. I ask pardon for quoting a long passage, because this is the essence of Mr. Perry's opinion:

#### UNNATURAL AGRICULTURE

"The unscrupulous instigators of the Clearances did not care two hoots that they were introducing an unnatural agriculture into the Western Highlands, which was to bring misery and death to scores of thousands of men, women and children, and destroy the agricultural economy of a people. The fact that the Highlands were properly cattle country was conveniently ignored by the big Border farmers of those days, who saw only that the land was dirt cheap and would afford magnificent pasturage to scores of thousands of their Black-faced and Cheviot hill sheep; that the capital outlay for birch-forest clearance—most of the pine forests had already been felled for the iron smelters—would be insignificant, and the wage-bill for shepherding negligible, with one shepherd herding up to twenty-five score ewes for a few shillings a week, on as much as 2,000 acres of hill. Big returns on the capital investment would be swift—and so they were. But in clearing the Highlands to make room for their enormous stocks of imported sheep, the new landlords destroyed the two most important agents responsible for maintaining the marvellous fertility of the West Highland glens and hills—the trees and the cattle."

In considering this question of de-forestation, which, we now see, constitutes a world-wide problem, it is hardly fair, I think, to condemn the old destroyers so roundly. Whether they cared "two hoots" about what they were doing we can now hardly know. It is at least as likely that they were ignorant of the natural laws which they were flouting, just as, at this moment, we no doubt are doing many things, in good faith that they are "for the best," which nevertheless will recoil upon the heads of future generations. The reckless consumption of the world's produce and the world's emotional and spiritual fineness in war is a case in point.

However, Mr. Perry goes on to

point out how the inevitable consequences of folly, whether willful or ignorant, came to the Highlands. There was soil erosion, of course, "while the locust hordes of sheep, being partial to tender saplings, kept down the scrub of potential trees, which the crofters' cattle had allowed to mature. During the winter and spring the cattle had grazed in the glens and on the lower moors, but in the summer they were driven up to the high hills. . . . In this way the whole hill was evenly grazed and manured, and, no less vital, the felt-thick mass of rotting vegetation . . . was trodden and broken down into an additional fertiliser for the finer grasses and sedges. The light-weight sheep, however, did not break down this choking, souring mat. On the contrary, being selective feeders, they bare-grazed the choicer grasses and sedges, permitting the coarser plants to flourish at their expense, and in particular the insidious giant bracken, creeping forward year by year, until to-day it covers whole hills of the greenest grazing."

I have quoted these long passages because they seem to me to explain clearly and simply what happened to the Highlands, a place once so prolific in cattle that "in the Forty-five 8,000 black cattle were lifted from a single glen, which to-day affords pasturage for only 2,000 Black-faced sheep."

"The grazing," says Mr. Perry, "had now become so sparse that the hoggets had to be taken off the hill altogether in the late autumn and sent away to winter on other farms and pasturings—an expense that swallowed up a half of the receipts from the sale of lambs—and it was no longer possible to graze the wether lambs on the hills until their second or third year; they must be sold for a few shillings in their first autumn. Hill sheep had become a liability both to farmers and country, and the Western Highlands were a Depressed Area economically and sociologically."

#### FOUR ACRES A SHEEP

On one of the hill farms where Mr. Perry worked the grazing was so sparse that each sheep required three or four acres, and a consideration of that one fact will illuminate the arduous and rigours of the shepherd's life. A reading of this book will dispel illusion from any mind disposed to entertain it. Here is no picture of the shepherd piping as the flock grazes happily around. It is a picture of a desperate life in a desperate country, where to the misfortunes that men have brought upon their own heads are added many that cannot, anyway, be escaped. The mortality among the lambs was high. It would have been anything from 20 to 40 per cent. Mr. Perry says, even if the hills had been visited morning and evening, seven

**I WENT A'SHEPHERDING**  
By Richard Perry  
(Lindsay Drummond, 12s. 6d.)

**THE WESTERN ISLAND**  
By Robin Flower  
(Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.)

**THE NAVAL HERITAGE**  
By David Mathew  
(Collins, 12s. 6d.)



days a week, during the lambing. But this was far from the case. It simply could not be done, with 9,000 acres to be looked after by him and the farmer.

The blow-fly—a "terrible and revolting pest"—was another trouble. Here again men were themselves partially to blame, for bramble and bracken, growing through their folly, harboured the fly. One would need to be hardy indeed to live long with a flock struck by fly, for the poor afflicted creatures were literally eaten alive, till they were nothing but hollow things, yet walking. "A herd's life," says the author, "must necessarily harden him to the sometimes unavoidable suffering man imposes upon animals, but in my earlier shepherding days a mist would often come before my eyes when I bent to stroke the velvet muzzle and the grizzled topline curling between the horns of a struck ewe."

Yes, indeed, this is a book to dispel illusion, and what Mr. Perry has to say about the future of these areas deserves to be carefully considered.

#### ON AN IRISH ISLAND

Mr. Robin Flower, a British Museum expert on Irish manuscripts, spent off and on, throughout twenty years, a good deal of time on the Great Blasket, that farthest westerly outpost of the European continent. He went there first in 1910. "The population then," he says in *The Western Island* (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.), "consisted of upwards of 150 souls, now reduced, largely by emigration to the mainland, so that the very life of the Island in the form in which I knew it is threatened."

Nobody there spoke English. Mr. Flower learned the language, and bit by bit came to be accepted by the people as one of themselves. They were a people closely organised, with a "King" over them, and they were much given to gathering together for singing and tale-telling. Many of the tales that were told are in this book, threading in and out of Mr. Flower's account of the Island itself, of the people, of their probable past, and their present as he found it.

In the old days, said one of the Blasket Islanders to him, "the country was full to the lid of songs and stories"; which recalls the exclamation in Mr. Robert Gibbings's recent book on Ireland: "Fairies? The place is paved with 'em!" It is certainly "a good thought," as was said to Mr. Flower, to put down some of these tales before they vanished for ever. That they are vanishing there can be no doubt. Before the end of the long period which the book covers, newspapers were ousting oral lore from some minds. "The fatal drip of printer's ink has obliterated the age-long pattern, and it is only by a glint of colour here, a salient thread there, in the dulled material that we who strive to reconstitute something of the intricate harmony wrought into the original fabric can imagine to ourselves the bright hues and gay lines of the forgotten past."

#### THE RIGHT RECORDER

It is fortunate that, before their passing, these last vestiges of a once flourishing culture found in Mr. Flower so sympathetic an observer and so sensitive a recorder. He writes with a great feeling for his subject. Consider, for example, these lines on the hermits whose rude huts are still to be seen on the Island: "It is difficult for us, in a world which has followed other ways, to reach back again through so many centuries to

those passionate and unreasoned simplicities. But here, in the arena of their conflict, standing in these humble huts of rough stone, we can put a hand on the broken wall, and through that contact something of that dedication of the eager heart is in part revealed to us. These men had no need to go out into the world to find their adversaries. The whole air up to Heaven was filled for them with the black host of Satan, besieging every moment of their day, waking, sleeping, standing, sitting, walking, resting; hidden behind every thought, creeping in through all the avenues of sense."

A book thus written, whatever its subject, would be worth reading.

#### THE NAVAL SPIRIT

Dr. David Mathew gives us in *The Naval Heritage* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) a survey, from the Elizabethan to our own time, of those forces afloat and ashore which have crystallised under the stress of action and necessity into the naval tradition of to-day.

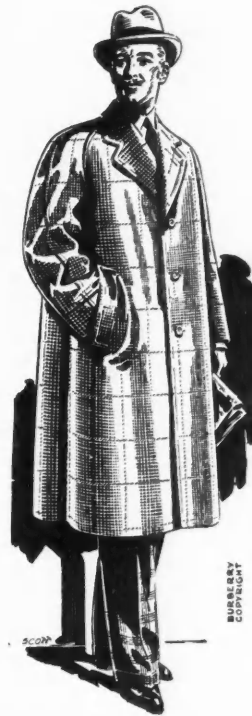
It is a story full of great deeds and great names, but this inescapable condition of the writing of this particular book never interferes with the author's object: which is not concerned, essentially, either with names or deeds, but with the intangible yet vital breath of life that, gathering its force from both men and the things they have done, now blows through the Navy as we know it.

All ranks are considered in their relation to the final fruition, from the reluctant "pressed" man up to Nelson himself (the man of "glory" rather than "duty," as the author so well points out); and all types of ships. The interacting tensions between the officers and men doing the job afloat and the politicians directing affairs from the shore are given careful and interesting examination. Where privilege had a pull, as for so long it had, that is frankly looked at and considered in relation to the whole picture.

Indeed, this is a singularly complete and careful examination of a matter as important to-day as ever, and perhaps to-day better understood. For as Dr. Mathew points out "there never has been a time when the naval life in all its detail has been bound up so intimately with each family throughout Britain."

I THINK that Commander Terence Horsley, author of *Fishing for Trout and Salmon* (Witherby, 10s. 6d.), is over modest when he states that the chapters of this book "are designed to help the beginner, and to a lesser extent the average angler"; for their contents, while containing good instructions for the novice, and useful advice for the average fisherman, will also provide instructive reading for the expert. The book is most refreshing, because, unlike so many of its kind, it is not gleaned from the writings or opinions of others. It has resulted from the experiences, successes and failures of the author. It is practical throughout, and not theoretical. A work of this nature, as might be expected, is not free from blemish, but the greater part of it contains excellent advice and information, which, even to the most self-satisfied angler, will impart something new, something worth a try. I feel that Commander Horsley is a little less sure of himself on a chalk stream, but, as he hopes to wield a salmon rod thirty years hence, there is plenty of time for him to acquire more experience. He should be able later to provide us with a treatise which, if it follows in the steps of his present effort, might well be a classic.

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# SPRING COLOUR *and* MILLINERY

COLOURS, and combinations of colours, for the Summer suitings and prints are subtle, veering away from the frank primary reds and blues of the last few Summers to sail-reds, reds with a lot of yellow in them, blues with a misty bloom. A chalky tinge is fashionable among the many pastel blues and pinks in the ranges of plain wool and rayon fabrics; while cross-dyeing gives the same blurred effect to the colour when either appears in the worsteds. Cyclamen appears everywhere. Dusty pink is being used throughout the Rima collection as a secondary colour for the suitings with their neat design, as a plain for a series of soft draped frocks in fine woollen crêpes. Quaker grey is another favourite used again and again throughout this collection for plain frocks and jumpers



*A dinner hat vogue that is a circle of felt with loops of brown veiling.*  
Strassner

(Below) Strassner's soot black wool jersey turban pulls on in two movements, the first when the skull cap covers the hair, the second when another layer folds over. The mink jacket worn with the turban has a roll collar and horizontal working on the sleeves. Debenham and Freebody



PHOTOGRAPHS  
DERMOT CONOLLY

*Erik's ostrich and ribbon toque in the Alexandra tradition ties on with yards of black veiling*

as well as teamed with other tones of grey for dramatic shadow

striped saxonies and suitings. The soft pinks are generally allied with dun colours; so are sky and misty blues which make an undertone on fine tweeds. A new design for a lightweight tweed has narrow diagonal rick-rack stripes, known as a "pick and pick" in the wool trade, placed closely together for the background with a brown spot scattered here and there. A worsted with a mixed hopsack and herring-bone weave shows how effective a discreet mixture of two neat traditional patterns can be. It makes a two-piece of dress and fitted jacket, for Spring. One of the sensations of the show is a jacket with dolman armholes so immense that they make it look like a cape, and it can be slipped easily over anything bulky in the same way. The material is sensational, too, a striped worsted in greys where the shaded effect is achieved by grading the width of the darker stripes. The darker end, with the wide stripes closely set together, is used at the hem of the frock, the paler effect with narrower stripes for the top.

Folds stitched to the waistline and released above





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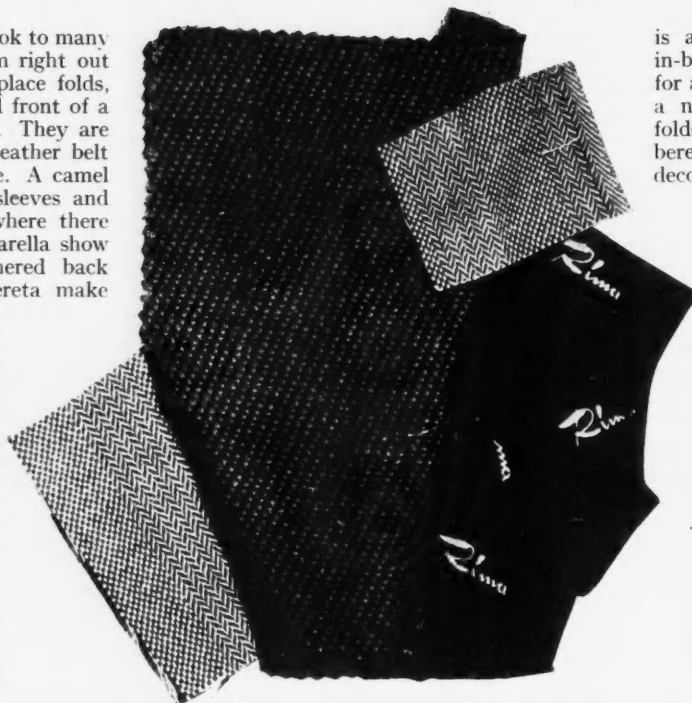
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(Debenham Ltd.)

and below give a distinctly fuller look to many of the Spring coats and take them right out of the form-fitting class. Jaeger place folds, quite a number of them, back and front of a pale blue tweed coat for Summer. They are held down to a trim waist by a leather belt slotted through a wider tweed one. A camel and wool coat has full bishop's sleeves and quite a bulky look to its back where there are five deep unpressed pleats. Harella show an off-white with a fullish gathered back pouching over a neat waist. Dereta make swing backs to their swagger three-quarter and hip-length jackets and a grey-blue long coat gathered above and below the waist with more gathers below the shoulder yoke. This fuller outline is balanced by the folded turbans and the be-feathered felts. We have photographed Strassner's turban in soot black jersey which has a skull cap at the back to cover up all the hair as well as another wired wing of the material which pulls down over the skull cap and folds becomingly behind each ear, giving width. This is a turban that can easily be adjusted to suit anyone. It packs into a large hand-bag and is fixed in front by a diamond brooch.

NO hats shown in London are eccentric. Outrageous height does not suit the English-woman with her long lines, and ostentatious dressing is out of place. More height there certainly is, but it is kept within bounds and fits in with the proportions of the prevailing mode. Miss Hammond of Erik likes the same scarlet mixed with lots of yellow, a sealing-wax red, that is shown in the dress collections. This colour, in various fabrics, velvet, crêpe, taffeta, georgette, makes some gay postilion hats for the first Spring sunshine. White moiré



Two of the fabrics made for Mr. Neumann of Rima by Yorkshire manufacturers for his Spring clothes:—A mixed hopsack and herring-bone weave for a worsted suiting by Yates; a rayon crepe with his own letter-heading for the motif, navy with salmon pink. (Middle.) Otterburn's diagonal tweed for a coat in clay red with black

is another glamorous fabric in her in-between-time collection. She uses it for a dear little Victorian bonnet with a narrow brim and a highish crown folded into flat tucks, also for a folded beret on a shaped navy head-band decorated with white daisy beads. The entire collection is based on the Victorian and Edwardian themes with the modified high crown in evidence. The postilion hats are chic with curling brims and folded crowns. Any number of navy hats decorated with white ribbons, beads and buttons are ready for the navy suits with white touches which will appear directly the weather is warm enough. The bonnets with their high folded crowns that fit closely over the head are charming with fur jackets and coats. Edwardian toques in ostrich and velvet are for dining out. An excellent series of country felts with medium high crowns, folded and peaked, have neat trimmings of tiny tufts of feathers or a cockade of ribbon or saddle-stitching.

At Scott's, there is a cloche hat that comes right over the head, covering all the back hair, and has much the same effect as the Victorian bonnets. Felts with peaked crowns and wide rolling brims are tied round the crowns with a sash of ribbon that streams down onto one shoulder. They are neat hats but more in the romantic tradition than the tailored Homburgs of the last few Springs. But then the whole trend of fashion is much more feminine in every detail for this Spring from the topcoats in soft duvetens with their unpressed pleats to the toques, the veiling, the jabots and the yards of narrow frills on the blouses.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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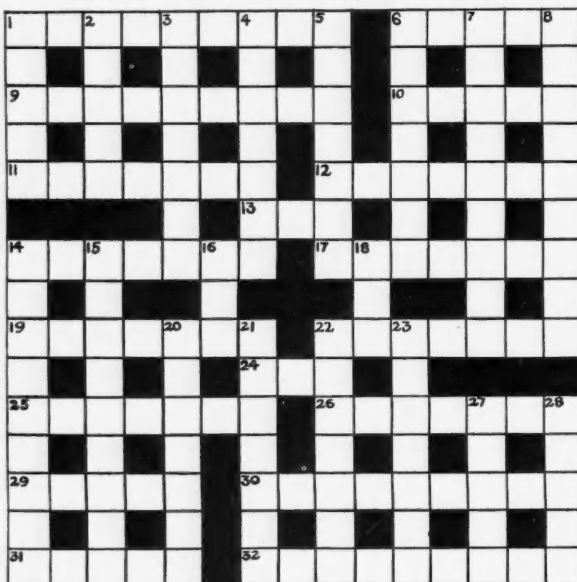
MORELLA

Cherry Brandy

## CROSSWORD No. 783

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a clo-ed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 783, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, February 1, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name..... (Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 782.—The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 19, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Three Bears; 6, Moon; 9, Adventurer; 10, Peri; 12, Evans; 13, Theocracy; 14, Spine; 16, Bonito; 20, Cloven; 21, Droll; 25, Tip-and-run; 26, Reach; 27, Rote; 28, Wooden toys; 29, Ella; 30, Mendicants. DOWN.—1, Trader; 2, Reveal; 3, Ernes; 4, Exultant; 5, Reeled; 7, Operatic; 8, Noisy boy; 11, Scroll; 15, Preens; 17, Scot-free; 18, Hospital; 19, Trinidad; 22, Groove; 23, Saloon; 24, Thesis; 26, Runic.

### ACROSS.

1. According to Thos, Gray it can be bliss (9)
6. A rope which is represented at the theatre (5)
9. The right man to face up to an infernal machine, perhaps (9)
10. It just happens (5)
11. Teacher's charge (7)
12. Oast in red (7)
13. Rig-out out out (3)
14. A point beyond the starting-price. How brilliant! (7)
17. Foretaste (7)
19. What the Army has been said to march on (7)
22. Edward on the films? (7)
24. Eggs (3)
25. In winter I'm temporary (7)
26. A bonesetter's teasing? (7)
29. "The — Lord who scrubs the grate" —W. S. Gilbert (5)
30. They make 27 down in the U.S.S.R. (9)
31. Vegetables (5)
32. What it has it holds (9)

### DOWN.

1. India's effortless industry (5)
2. A Georgian statesman of chilly inclination (5)
3. Suitable standard paving-stone for Moscow (3, 4)
4. A province of Spain (7)
5. Extend (7)
6. Hiker's paradise (4, 3)
7. Disorganised cement jet (9)
8. Anticipated—and found in the way they chanted a *Te Deum* (9)
14. Is a lesson (anagr.) (9)
15. A pod upside down on a table (9)
16. For this clue the lackey has lost the solution (3)
18. The heart of 22 across—or as the Cockney might say (3)
20. Without 6 down? (7)
21. Change or chime (7)
22. An associate of the mustard-pot (7)
23. Grab ale mathematically (7)
27. See 30 across (5)
28. He may miss the prize, but with 100 more ahead he would be nearer (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 781 is  
Sqn.-Ldr. G. W. Stoddard, R.A.F.,  
Military Hospital,  
Bangor, Co. Down.